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## Contents


The Week ..... 197
Editorials
An International Program for the American People ..... 200
The Chicago Election ..... 201
The Ruhr in French Politics ..... 203
Discrediting the Army ..... 204
General Articles
The Great Sugar Mystery ..... Bruce Bliven 205
Circus ..... Charles Merz 207
To an Indolent Woman (Verse) ... Hazel Hall 208
Lord Robert Cecil ..... Robert Littell 209
The Whole Art of Forgetting ..... Laurence Stallings 210
Shakespeare and Empire ..... Waldo Frank 212
To My Despoiler (Verse) ... Joseph Auslander 214
Critical Expressionism ..... Stark Young 215
Correspondence ..... 216
Reviews of Books
The Immigrant's Day in Court ..... John MacArthur Maguire 218
A Specimen of Demi-Dadaisme ..... Gorham B. Munson 219
Business Geography ..... Stuart Chase 220
Immortality and the Modern Mind ..... William Pepperell Montague 221
Here and Now Stories ..... 221


## The Week

SUPERFICIALLY at least there is sufficient reason for believing that the visit which M. Loucheur recently paid to the British Prime Minister indicates a desire on the part of the French political leaders to reach an early settlement of the Ruhr account. The French emissary belongs to a group of "liberals" who doubted the expediency of the Ruhr adventure and who will succeed M. Poincaré and the National Bloc in the event of the failure of the present French policy. At the same time they have not openly opposed it. A man like M. Loucheur would, consequently, serve perfectly as the negotiator of a compromise settlement which, while it would represent an abandonment of the extreme French claims, would nevertheless accomplish the result which all the French politicians are agreed on demanding. This result is the purchase by the evacuation of the Ruhr of a revision of the Treaty of Versailles which will detach the Rhineland and the Saar Basin permanently from Germany and provide a legal pretext for the equally permanent political and economic subordination of Germany to France. It remains to be seen how far the British government in its desire to conciliate France will go in recognizing the proposed French hegemony on the continent of Europe.

THE execution of the Polish Catholic prelate, Butchkavitch, by the Soviet government is a sinister piece of news for those who have expected a gradual amelioration of the rigors of the communist dictatorship in Russia. According to Francis McCullagh, the only correspondent in Moscow who succeeded in evading the censorship, there was no sufficient evidence produced at the trial of the commission by Butchkavitch of the crime of so-called treason. He was executed because, contrary to the laws of the Soviet government, he persisted in giving religious instruction to young people of less than eighteen years. This may not be true. It rests on the testimony of one man. But on the other hand it is not in itself improbable. The Soviet state is the political embodiment of the theory of communism; and the communist leaders may have decided that they cannot permit the minds of the young to be moulded by religious instruction which would render these future citizens sterile soil for communist propaganda. They propose, consequently, to prevent competition between state secular instruction and its religious rival by terrorizing those who persist in carrying on a kind of education which would hinder the spread of communism. We do not assert that such is the interpretation of their conduct. But it may well be; and if it is, the outlook for the construction in the near future of anything like moral and social order in Russia is black indeed.

EVEN though, however, Butchkavitch was actually guilty of what is called treason, his execution by the communist leaders remains a deplorable and sinister fact. It looks as if they are considering it necessary to fortify their position by a revival of the terrorism which they practised during the first six months of 1918. There may have been some excuse under the cruel ethics of a revolutionary movement for the executions of 1918. The proletarian dictatorship was fighting for its life and it was a question not of whether execu-


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tions should take place but which side should be executed. But if after exercising supreme political authority in Russia for five years, and after having removed one by one the gravest physical obstacles to the restoration of more normal conditions, the Soviet leaders still consider it necessary to kill their political opponents, then they must feel less secure in their grip on the government than most observers have inferred. Apparently they still cannot in their own opinion afford to allow any opposition to their authority to obtain open expression. The communist dictatorship seems likely in that event to become more ruthless in suppressing liberty of mind and conscience than did the dictatorship of the Tsar.

ALMOST for the first time since the attempt to suppress freedom of speech and assemblage began in this country during the war, a prominent communist who was indicted for criminal syndicalism, has received a fair trial. Throughout the whole of the Foster prosecution, Judge White, instead of behaving himself, as so many judges have under similar conditions behaved themseves, like agents of the prosecuting attorney, conducted the trial with scrupulous impartiality. In his charge he instructed the jury that it had no right to convict the defendant because of his opinions, unless Foster was actually conspiring to overthrow the government by force; and after such a charge the jury could not, considering the nature of the evidence, have agreed upon conviction without ignoring its instructions. As Mrs. Minerva Olsen, the woman juror, explained, "The great mass of documentary evidence was so hazy and indirect that we who held out for acquittal did not feel we had a right to convict a man on such unsubstantial evidence." In fact it seemed to Mrs. Olsen after considering the testimony that the prosecution was apparently seeking to railroad Foster into jail rather than to try him for a definite statutory offence. In her opinion the outcome of the episode was a vindication of the theory that any one may advocate any doctrine he may wish, however absurd, provided he does it by peaceful means. We hope she is right. It is certainly refreshing after hearing the affirmation made for so many years by so many educated and prosperous Americans that Americanism means bumptious intolerance, to find fifty percent of an ordinary American jury insisting that Americanism means rather intellectual and moral liberty to seek the truth even at the risk of error.

THE Harding campaign for reelection will be based on the open shop, says one report. It won't, says another. The world court is to be abandoned, the wiseacres whisper. On the contrary, we learn an instant later that Secretary Hughes is to devote his best energies to explaining it. Senator Borah assures us that what is wrong with the Republican party is wiggle and wobble; no, it's blocs, says President Harding one day and Senator Jones twenty-four hours later. All this helps to keep the news columns bright and sprightly, but means little more than that the 1924 campaign is under way; and of that the country was already well aware. Indeed, the main outlines of the respective appeals of Republicans and Democrats are already fairly clear, and as discouraging as they are plain, to those who believe in the possibility and desirability of progress.

THE Republican plan is to count on the returning tide of prosperity to sweep the party back into power. The Democratic plan is to hope that it won't, and to capitalize the weaknesses and the mistakes of President Harding. The liberal wing of the former organization is to be ignored, since the decision has been made to run on Harding and his record, both essentially conservative. The Democratic machine, which even in 1920 did no more than lip-service to the type of liberalism represented by Wilson's first term, has apparently decided that its chances are quite good enough with a "safe and sane" platform and candidate. An effort is being made to bottle up McAdoo (and Ford, if he seeks the nomination) just as in the other camp Borah, La Follette and Johnson are to be bottled up. These decisions seem decidedly out of harmony with the temper of the country revealed in the elections last November; but it would be little short of blasphemous to suppose that the political bosses do not know what they are about.

JUST how much harm may be done by inadequate railroad service, the country may have a painful chance to learn this summer. Railroad traffic will undoubtedly break all records; the American Railway Association estimates that for at least thirteen weeks car-loadings will exceed the record total of a million cars a week. That the existing facilities are equal to such a strain is highly improbable. New equipment to the value of $440,000,000 was bought last year, but at least another billion dollars should be spent at once. To persuade investors to buy railroad securities to this amount will be enormously difficult, in view of the railroad record, not merely since the war but for the past two decades. The investor has come to realize that the railways are starving. Whether that is a consequence of the wastefulness of competitive methods, or of drastic legislation, makes little difference to him. Even the much improved earnings since the turn of the year are not such as to make any one particularly eager to invest in railway stocks. Clearly, the country cannot much longer delay the decision whether railroads are to be regarded as a public or a private enterprise, and how, in either case, they are to be kept going.

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A MULTITUDE of bad reasons have been given by Frenchmen in justification of their madness in seizing the Ruhr. But it remained for an American to invent the worst, silliest and most contemptible reason of all. That American is Francis P. Garvan. He declares that the occupation of the Ruhr is a blessing because it keeps the Germans from competing with our dyes and chemicals. Civilization may perish, but what is civilization in comparison with the chemical and dye industries? This is the same Garvan whom Woodrow Wlson put in charge of the delicate business of administering the property of enemy aliens in such a manner that the country should suffer no harm from it in time of war nor find its honor spotted after the war was over. Woodrow Wilson had his blind days.

WE are not always enthusiastic over President Nicholas Murray Butler. Still less are we enthusiastic over the Fascisti. Nevertheless we are stirred to admiration by President Butler's letter to Mr. Giovanitti, refusing to discipline Professor Bigongiari for his connection with the Fascisti organization. The President of Columbia University, he writes, has no more power to discipline a member of the faculty for an offence, real or imaginary, than he has to discipline a member of Congress on like grounds. "To attempt to discipline a university teacher for his private or political opinions would be most unbecoming." There is an impression abroad that President Butler has not always been so clear on this point, but popular impressions are likely to be oversimplified. At any rate we may take Mr. Butler's letter as reaffirmation of faith in academic liberty, much needed in this epoch of intolerance.

THE Immigration Committee of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States urges the addition of a two percent of selective immigration to the three percent of the existing quota law. The object is to meet the labor shortage that is making itself felt throughout industry. Labor shortage is no doubt a grave evil from the point of view of the employer and sometimes from the point of view of the average citizen. But there are better ways of dealing with it than relaxation of immigration restrictions. Our industrial system still falls far short of a full utilization of the labor we have. With more attention to the conditions of work and living that make for efficiency our industries would get on very well without immigrant labor. When all our laborers are employed at living wages and proper provision has been made to insure them against crises of unemployment it will be time to talk about relaxing the restrictions on immigration.

AN ingenious proposal was put forward a few days ago by Franklin D. Roosevelt, former Assistant Secretary of the Navy, and Democratic candidate for Vice-President in 1920. Mr. Roosevelt wants Congress to enact a law which would enable the people to express a verdict on important questions of public policy as they cast their ballots in national elections. Such referenda would not be binding but would advise the government of the country's state of mind and would supposedly exert a considerable moral pressure. The faults of present machinery for finding out what the people think are obvious; an active propagandist with a penchant for letter-writing may create a smoke out of all proportion to his fire; and it is true that elections which are supposed to turn on one issue often actually result from another. The difficulty with Mr. Roosevelt's proposal would be to make sure that the country had access to the facts on both sides, and that the questions as printed on the ballots were worded fairly. This objection, while serious, is not fatal, however; and is partially discounted by the fact that the decisions made, while they would have the moral force of a command, would not necessarily need be translated into immediate action. On the whole, this is an experiment which seems decidedly worth considering.

THE colossal composite intellect of Washington has struggled with a problem and now bursts forth triumphantly with the conclusion. A reckless man, the government opines, is one who spends all he gets; the individual who puts sixty cents of every dollar in the bank is a niggard; and the truly thrifty person, the one to emulate, saves of each cartwheel, simoleon, buck or iron man the sum of twenty cents. Of the remainder, fifty cents goes for living, ten cents for charity, ten for recreation, ten for education. This is interesting. In 1918, an excellent year for labor, the average actual earnings of industrial workers were $1,094, according to the Congressional Joint Commission of Agricultural Inquiry. Having saved $218.80 according to government orders, the happy father of a family would have $875.20 left of which $547 must suffice for living expenses while $109.40 went for each of the other three items of expenditure in this remarkable budget. Five hundred forty-seven dollars means $121.55 for each of the four and one half persons in the average home—$2.34 a week. In the phrase of the sleek-haired lads along Broadway, it's a good trick—if you can do it.

RETIREMENT has not dulled the tongue of that salty old sea-dog, Admiral Sims, who will continue to be enfant terrible if he lives to be a thousand. A field day among pet aversions in California recently included pot shots at the Ku Klux, the farm bloc, Mayor Curley of Boston and of course Sinn Fein. The Admiral also broke out in a new direction and observed that the news-

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papers prevent preparedness. A polite rejoinder would be that preparedness prevents newspapers, since the $2,327,002,667 for "past and future" wars in the government's 1923 budget would do a great deal to further that literacy on which the press fattens. But in point of fact, the Admiral's assertion is wrong; most newspapers are on the side of the jingoes. It is true, as he sadly notes, that they approved the result of the Washington Conference. That Conference left the army untouched, preserved a navy as big as the biggest, scrapped battleships, a weapon now regarded in excellent naval circles as obsolete, and did nothing about aeroplanes and poison gas, the real weapons of the future. When Admiral Sims shoots at the press, he is firing in the dark at a friend. His charge of ignorance is well-founded: but journalism's heart is quite in what he regards as the right place.

# An International Program for the American People

LORD ROBERT CECIL and the cause of international appeasement which he represents are certainly to be congratulated upon the discretion and the persuasiveness of the appeal which he is making to American public opinion. He does not ask Americans to accept his preferred way of dealing with the existing international disorder, but he does ask them to recognize the unavoidable necessity of dealing with it somehow. He steadily and emphatically insists upon the grave peril to the happiness of all peoples which the disorder involves. He points out the futility of force as the agency of its alleviation, and inquires whether there is any way of getting rid of compulsion and violence in the settlement of international disputes except the way of an international covenant and organization. He puts it up to Americans, if they cannot accept the League of Nations, to consider how ominous and critical the outlook and the problems are and to propose a modification of the League of Nations or a substitute for it which has a chance of accomplishing the indispensable operation of appeasement.

This is surely a reasonable challenge to put up to American public opinion, and the New Republic, as one journal which was and is opposed to the unconditional adherence by the United States to the League of Nations, is only too happy to accept it. But it is a challenge which imposes a responsibility upon Americans who have favored the entrance of their country into the League of Nations no less than upon those Americans who have opposed it. Lord Robert in substance asks of all humane and internationally minded Americans, no matter what part they have played in the controversies of the last few years, to reach an agreement upon an international program for their country, which their government can submit to Europe and which Europe can either accept or reject. The question is what should such a program be? Obviously it cannot be the policy upon which the pro-Leaguers have heretofore insisted—the policy of unconditional adherence by the American government to the League of Nations. It would be manifestly impossible to unite the anti-war and pro-Europe opinion in this country in favor of such a proposal. As long as the question which the advocates of internationalism put to the American people turns upon the exclusive choice of entering the League in its present form or staying out, they will certainly stay out. The only promising way of asking them to reverse the decision of 1920 is to propose the entrance by their government into the League upon certain conditions which, if satisfied, will meet the more serious objections which Americans have urged in opposition to the existing covenant. It is such a proposal which Lord Robert Cecil hopes to obtain. If it has not been forthcoming in the past, the failure to provide it is at least as much the fault of the advocates of the League as it is that of their opponents. The one choice which Mr. Wilson with their connivance offered to the people who did not agree with them was the costly choice of accepting or rejecting the League unconditionally.

It is scarcely probable that in the near future an agreement along the lines suggested by Lord Robert will take place. There are enough agitators both for and against the League who have acquired a vested interest in a definition and the perpetuation of the issue as an unlimited partnership between Europe and America or complete isolation to prevent, for the present, an effective agreement. The hope for the future lies rather in the probable fertilization of the old controversy by the intrusion of new factors which will tend to bring about a useful shifting of its emphasis. The first of these factors is Lord Robert's own plan for a regional European non-aggression compact which may confer comparative security on Europe and lead towards the limitations of land armaments. If, as he says, there is a fair chance of getting this compact generally accepted some time soon, and if he wholly or even partly succeeds, Europe herself would have satisfied in advance the most important condition which Americans could reasonably ask to have satisfied before joining the League. The other new factor is the beginning in this country under Mr. Borah's powerful protection of a pacifist agitation which seizes the bull by the horns and proposes an international agreement which condemns all war as a crime. It is uncertain as yet how far and how fast this agitation will grow but if, as appears probable, it grows rapidly, it will soon force the pro-Leaguers to propose modifications of their own position which may result both in a large increase of effective American interest in the abolition of European disorder

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and in the union of aggressive American internationalists on a common constructive program. It is with a hope of accelerating such a union that the New Republic submits the following resolutions as a platform on which all American lovers of peace may some day stand. This platform is a modest attempt to answer Lord Robert Cecil's challenge. In its present form it represents a combination of several drafts which have already been submitted to the Executive Committee of the League of Women Voters for possible adoption at its convention in Des Moines.

*Whereas* the entrance of the United States into the Great War was at bottom a clear and almost involuntary vindication of the economic and cultural interdependence between the United States and Europe, and

*Whereas* the Great War proved to be almost as disastrous to the victor as to the vanquished, and instead of bringing appeasement to Europe has perpetuated the use of violence in settling international disputes and has increased rather than diminished international hatred and suspicion, and

*Whereas* the interdependence between the United States and Europe still exists and demands a renewal of the partnership between them which existed during the war for the peaceful purposes of reconstruction and appeasement,

*Therefore* we, as American friends of human brotherhood, affirm the desirability of reviving this partnership provided it can be done under conditions which promise permanence, which call into the partnership the whole instead of only a part of Europe, and which prepare it to serve the cause of all-European recovery.

To this end we urge that the American government take the lead in seeking to abolish warfare as a legal institution and violence as a permissible method of adjusting international disputes.

That the President and the Senate cooperate in an attempt to secure an International court of justice with obligatory and comprehensive jurisdiction but without the sanction of force.

That the American government propose a conference for the discussion and settlement of reparations and international debts, the conference to be held under conditions which will secure to all the conferees equality of status, will set up an impartial tribunal for the determination of the damage and the ability of the vanquished and the debtors to pay and will substitute consent for force as the sanction of European order.

That the American government announce its willingness to discuss its entrance into the League of Nations whenever the European governments themselves renounce war as an agency of national aggrandizement by entering into an effective general non-aggression compact and admit Russia and Germany as equal partners to the association.

In conclusion, we as the American friends of human brotherhood pledge our members to work loyally and indefatigably for the realization of this international program and to systematic effort to convince their fellow citizens of its availability and of its essential Americanism.

# The Chicago Election

THE municipal election in Chicago, by converting a normal Republican majority into a Democratic landslide, is another evidence of a certain sporting interest which voters are finding in politics. Next to a hard fought contest, doubtful to the end, the feature which furnishes most pleasurable excitement is to be found in making the finish as wide as possible, bringing in the winner with an incredible majority and leaving the loser so far behind that he becomes ridiculous as well as pathetic. It is a form of stimulus to jaded political nerves, analogous to that afforded by the ups and downs of the gravity railroad. As a motive it played its part in the overwhelming victory of Harding over Cox and in that of Smith over Miller in New York. Chicago is peculiarly susceptible to the obsession of numbers. A generation ago conscientious citizens repeatedly passed through the turnstiles of the World's Fair, at fifty cents a turn, for the joy of reading in the newspapers that the largest number of human beings had been assembled in one enclosure since the days of Xerxes' army. It is not asserted that any voted for Judge Dever twice, but many cast their single ballot for him with pleasurable anticipations of the headlines on the morrow. Nor were they disappointed. Mr. Dever won by 103,000 in a total of 671,000. It would have been more impressive if nearly a third of the citizens had not proved indifferent to the game and stayed away from the polls.

There was, however, an additional fitness in making the triumph of Judge Dever emphatic, which appealed to the sense of drama of the voters. The election furnished an appropriate last scene in a political Fall of the House of Usher. More than a year ago the edifice built up by Mayor Thompson during eight years of office began to show rifts in its façade, when the monstrous graft of the school board and the department of public works became evident. The trial of Thompson's Governor Small for embezzlement as state treasurer ended in acquittal, but under such circumstances that prosecutions for jury fixing, now in progress, were an inevitable consequence. The indictment of the mayor's minister of graft, Fred Lundin, sounded a final note of warning. The rats scuttled; the mayor moved out; and the pretentious structure collapsed at the primaries. These were controlled by the three factions opposed to Thompson, led respectively by ex-governor Deneen, Attorney-General Brundage, and States Attorney Crowe, which for their candidate united on Arthur

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C. Lueder, by grace of Senator Medill McCormick, postmaster of Chicago. It was not necessary to defeat Lueder to mark the fall of Thompson, but undoubtedly many people hostile to Thompson reasoned that Lueder, in the interests of harmony, must have contracted some obligations to the present administration, while friends of Thompson saw in the magnitude of Lueder's looming defeat a sort of belated vindication of the mayor. If Lueder was not actually crushed by the fall of the house of Thompson, he was at least swept away among the ruins.

There was one element unfortunately lacking in the election—that of a sharp issue between good and evil. The city which after eight years of debauchery was thirsting for civic righteousness had to content itself with a choice between two candidates who might both be described as political goods. Dever and Lueder were respectively outstanding members of the two races which have added most in this country to the original Anglo-Saxon basis of politics—the Irish and the German. They agreed on the chief local issue in Chicago, municipal ownership of street railways and publicly owned subways. The wives of both committed themselves in the press to the same impeccable views of housewifery, dress and minor morals. Mr. Dever had the advantage of political experience; he had a good record as alderman before becoming judge. Mr. Lueder had the advantage of political innocence; except for a brief tenure of the postmastership he had been a business man, a realtor. There was nothing in either drink to sting the palate, and both left a somewhat flat taste in the voter's mouth. Nothing of importance was alleged against Judge Dever, and the sins of Lueder were venial. It was alleged that the examination which he took to enter the civil service was conducted with an eye single to his appointment as postmaster, but this charge seemed to imply a standard of purity which most voters found academic. Judge Dever was the better campaigner. Mr. William Hard came on from Washington to open training quarters for Mr. Lueder, and for a time sparred a few verbal rounds with him daily, but could not teach him the punch, while Judge Dever showed himself increasingly a glutton for punishment, complaining to the spectators that his opponent clinched with him on all possible issues and refused to break away and give or take a blow.

In these circumstances, Mr. Lueder began to slip soon after his nomination and continued to slide with accelerated velocity. The civic aristocracy, composed of Professor Merriam, Mr. Harold Ickes, Colonel Raymond Robins, the Settlement Workers and members of the City Club, deserted him in public statements. Those eminent exponents of civic ideals, the Chicago Tribune and the Daily News, were visibly irked by the necessity of backing a losing horse, and a few days before the election came out openly for Dever. Most conspicuously faithful in support of Lueder was Senator Medill McCormick, whose own political fortunes hung in the balance with the success of the compromise combination which he had promoted among the Republican leaders. He took over Mr. Lueder's speaking engagements at the end of the campaign, and had his photograph taken with Mr. and Mrs. Lueder at the polls on election morning. The suggestion is inevitable that as the beginning of the campaign saw the crash of Thompson in Chicago, its end may mark the breaking of McCormick's control in Illinois.

Apart from these political results, has the election any meaning commensurate in importance with the size of the majority? Judge Dever promises to reduce rents, to reduce taxes, and to provide every child of school age with proper facilities for education. These are the generalities of municipal optimism. Specifically, he has upon his hands the problem of the local traction situation, and as he deals with it his administration will be judged. The present franchise of the traction companies runs until 1927, but it is in the next four years that plans must be made for any effective exercise by the municipality of the option which will then revert to it. The factors in the situation are (1) that the city may buy the lines at the valuation of 1907 plus the cost of improvements—a total of perhaps $250,000,000; (2) that it has in hand a fund of some $40,000,000 accrued from its receipt of 55 percent of the net profits under the present arrangement, which may be applied to the purchase price or to the building of subways; (3) that the remainder of the purchase price must be raised by bonds secured by the mortgage of the properties, for under the state constitution the city may not pledge its general credit in excess of an amount already reached. Judge Dever's record in the City Council commits him to immediate municipal ownership, and among his supporters the demand for the immediate building of subways is vociferous. There is reason to suppose that this program of headlong haste is supported by certain interests which would like to discredit municipal ownership by its conspicuous failure, under circumstances which would allow the properties, should they not earn interest on a heavy valuation, to revert to private bond holders. Mayor Dever's true course would seem to be to move slowly, to make a thorough revaluation of the traction properties, to secure an amendment to the state constitution permitting the city to extend its credit to cover the extension of its functions to public transportation, to hold the subway fund in reserve until it is clear that the city can assume ownership of the traction properties with financial safety. Will Mayor Dever be able to play the part of Fabius? If he can follow the course of statesmanship in this matter alone he will be the greatest mayor Chicago ever had, and earn the majority which his fellow citizens have trustfully presented him.

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# The Ruhr in French Politics

ALL France, we are told by the official Francophils, supports the Ruhr invasion. Poincaré has a united nation behind him. The French nation is indeed united on the ultimate objectives of Poincaré's policy. Frenchmen of every shade of political opinion agree that the security of France is paramount. They agree that the maximum practicable indemnity should be extracted from Germany. Whether they agree or not that the invasion of the Ruhr should have been undertaken in the first instance, no French politician of influence would advocate a policy of scuttle at this time. But opinions differ widely as to the manner in which the occupation should be conducted, and as to the conditions under which it can be withdrawn. And any one who has followed the course of French politics closely must realize that these differences in opinion must become sharper the longer the occupation lasts. There will be no lack of clever politicians eager for an opportunity to convict Poincaré of the worst of political crimes, failure in a major undertaking. For if Poincaré falls, someone else must rise.

And Poincaré's policy is steadily progressing toward the point where all but his most faithful partisans will regard it as a failure. It has proved extremely expensive to a country which above all others needs to count the cost. It has disorganized French industry and materially advanced the cost of living. We should find difficulty in demonstrating the precise connection between the Ruhr exploit and a thirty percent rise in the cost of living in Paris. But the average Parisian does not care about the demonstration. He does care about the inflation of his expenses.

It is true, Poincaré did not promise immediate financial gains from the occupation. But the average Frenchman expected even what was not promised. His newspapers had convinced him that the Ruhr was an El Dorado, and that if the French army laid hands on it, the immense profits Stinnes and Thyssen were supposed to be earning would flow copiously into the French treasury. Very few persons in France can have been prepared for such results as the occupation has actually produced. A few billions of paper marks seized, some millions of gallons of wine, but on the other side of the ledger, the practical disappearance of two million tons of reparation coal that the Germans had formerly delivered gratis every ten weeks. The situation would be bearable if there were any hope that after an initial period of disorders the Ruhr industrial machine could be set in operation, turning out profits for France. But it is already clear that nothing of the kind can happen. All the resources of the French army are taxed in keeping the Ruhr at a standstill. To work the mines and industrial establishments under French management would require such an increase in military forces as could only be secured through a mobilization of reserves. And that is an expedient that the Poincaré government cannot afford to employ.

If France is ever to profit financially from the Ruhr invasion, the profits will begin to flow in after the forces of occupation are withdrawn. They will result from a more favorable agreement extorted from Germany. Poincaré still promises that the German government will be forced to come to terms by May. But May is near, and there is no sign that German resistance is about to crack.

On the financial side the Ruhr occupation has been a flat failure. But Poincaré promised military security also, and since the first weeks of the occupation has emphasized this aspect of the problem more and more. What has he achieved? If he could have forced a war upon Germany he might have realized the dream of the Rhine as the eastern boundary of France. But it was impossible to declare war without a sufficient pretext, and the Germans have been careful not to give a pretext. No one can say for certain that such wanton outrages as the Krupp killings may not sting the German population to resistance. But there must be few Germans so stupid as not to realize that resistance is exactly what Poincaré wants, or so insane as to let him have it. The probabilities are that the Germans can remain passive all summer, swallowing outrage after outrage, if need be. And that is too long for Poincaré.

Down to date the Ruhr enterprise has been a failure, politically as well as financially, without counting the intangible costs of allies estranged, of neutrals embittered. The present indications are that France will emerge from it poorer than before, and in greater danger of a war of revenge. If Poincaré does not see this, at least his political rivals do. Tardieu is vociferous in his attacks on the Poincaré policy as too soft and too clumsy. Loucheur has been in England, trying to find a basis for a policy that may restore the British sympathy that Poincaré threw to the winds. Caillaux and his followers grow bolder and bolder in their denunciations of the present policy of the government. Time presses relentlessly upon Poincaré. He will be lucky if the Ruhr does not furnish him with his political grave.

Poincaré must fall, unless he soon finds a chance to make a show of success. But his fall would be a matter chiefly of domestic importance. None of his rivals offers an alternative program involving any substantial measure of European reconciliation. The French public is not prepared for such a program. The best that can be hoped for is a mild abatement of French pretensions, a slight reduction in the risk of war. French expectations have been raised too high. They can be brought down to the level of reality only very slowly, if indeed they can be brought down at all without the national catastrophe which they have invited.

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# Discrediting the Army

AN army, we believe, is a necessary instrument of national policy, in the present disorderly state of the world. It is an instrument that ought to be adapted strictly to the ends of national policy. If that policy is aggressive a large and perfectly equipped army is needed; if it is pacific, the army ought to be kept within appropriate limits. What the policy shall be must obviously be determined by the constituted political authorities. In a democracy like ours, it must in the long run correspond with the will of the majority.

What have the officers of the army to say about the national policies to be subserved by the military forces? As officers, nothing at all. When a policy has been adopted, the officers of the army ought to be heard, as technical specialists, on the question of the military means requisite to the execution of that policy. But army officers are citizens, and as such should be accorded the right to make their voices heard in the public discussions. We do not believe in gagging anybody, whether captains of industry, I. W. W.'s, professors or generals.

If, however, the army officer is to enjoy the right to take part in public discussion, he is under special obligation to look sharply to the proprieties. He needs to make it perfectly clear that he is speaking for himself alone, not for the army, which has, as an organization, no right whatever to meddle in politics. The present condition of Germany ought to be a sufficient warning to every nation to keep the army in its place. An army in politics is a potential war, and the world has had more than enough of war. We maintain an army to protect us, not to involve us, as the German army involved the German nation, in irremediable disaster.

Why do we repeat all these commonplaces, which are accepted without question by everyone who makes the least pretence to democratic opinions? Because it is on the basis of these considerations that the quarrel between General Amos A. Fries and the National Council for Prevention of War is to be judged.

If the general is to be believed, the American army is in politics, up to the neck. "The army has been investigating the activities of various disarmament and pacifist societies—" What business has the army with those societies? An organization of citizens believing in armament and militarism could properly investigate organizations believing in disarmament and pacifism. Not the army.

General Fries has declared that the "insidious pacifist" is "more to be feared than the man with torch, gun or sword." This is to assume that it is patriotic to favor militarism and war, unpatriotic to favor peace. Professional arrogance often goes to extreme lengths but we have never seen a more striking instance of it.

We attach no special importance to the action of the general in urging the removal from her position of the Secretary of the National Congress of Mothers and Parent Teachers' Associations on account of her membership in the National Council for the Prevention of War. It was a gross impropriety, but a corollary of the general's action of dragging the army into politics. Neither do we attach importance to the fact that in his attacks on the National Council he has charged it with a communistic bias, on the word of an alleged California representative of the Council. He might have had real evidence on the point instead of fictitious; it would still remain true that as an officer of the army he has no business with the Council.

The Council for the Prevention of War is charged by the militarists with discrediting the army. What accusation has it ever brought against the army so grave as those which General Fries has proved? The out-and-out pacifist sees in the army a body of men who regard war as beneficial. General Fries has proved that the clique that he represents does so regard it. The pacifists charge the army with playing politics with a view to warping the national policy to its professional interest. General Fries has proved the charge.

We are not advocates of complete disarmament. We believe that an army is necessary, although of course we do not wish to support one soldier more than a pacific national policy requires. We had assumed that our present army was not too large. Now we see that we were mistaken. It is too large, since it has room for pernicious busybodies like General Fries, to cast discredit upon the entire service.

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# The Great Sugar Mystery

A FEW weeks ago the Department of Commerce issued a newspaper statement about sugar. It was highly statistical and painfully dull in style, but it contained a few words destined to have results sensational enough for anybody.

"Production for 1923 only 125,000 tons higher than last year," said a note at the beginning. "Consumption needs estimated at 725,000 tons above production."

Five hundred newspaper editors and sub-editors read this and said to themselves, "Sugar shortage." Forthwith, they wrote headlines for their papers which also said: "Sugar shortage."

Thirty-three million readers glanced at those headlines and thought: "Sugar shortage. Better lay in a supply before the price goes up."

Some hundreds of brokers on the exchange in New York (though they should have known better) said to one another, "Shortage coming," and proceeded to bid the price up. It rose a hundred points in a day—the largest movement permitted. Next trading day, it rose again—and kept on rising. Raw sugar went up; refined went up; the grocer changed his signs. Two months after the Department of Commerce said its say, sugar is still up three cents. That is a fifty percent increase, an added burden on the nation's pocketbook of $3,000,000 a week—not much less in a year, if you want a comparison, than Great Britain has agreed to pay us on her war debt.

All this happened despite the fact that three days after the misleading statement appeared, Secretary Hoover assured the country that there was no shortage; that, on the contrary, we may expect a surplus of 476,000 tons, about five-eighths as much as the average surplus before the war. The leading trade journals, and the other authorities, said the same thing. So did all the newspaper editors in their editorial columns. The Department of Justice announced that the price is unjustified, and that it will investigate at once to see who is keeping it so high. The Tariff Commission, spurred on by a noble telegram from President Harding, announced that the price is unjustified, and that it will investigate to see whether the tariff on sugar needs to be reduced fifty percent. The Department of Commerce, generally credited with having kicked over the lamp in the first place, announced that the price is unjustified and that it will investigate. The New York District Attorney announced that the price is unjustified, and *he* will investigate. The People's Legislative Service of Washington, which exists for the purpose of making wrongdoers unhappy and which started much of the public excitement by appealing to President Harding, announces that *it* is investigating. All that is needed is for somebody to investigate the investigations, and the happy cycle will be complete. And in the meantime you and I and all the rest of us go on paying an extra $500,000 a day for our sugar, with no assurance at all that it will not be presently $1,500,000 a day.

What lies behind all this? A great deal, and well worth looking into. The production and distribution of sugar being one of the most complicated and puzzling of industries, perhaps the best way to explain what has happened and is happening, is by means of a catechism, as follows:

*Is the present high price justified?* It is not. It is true that in 1922 the world consumed a little more sugar than it produced, the Department of Commerce guess being 19,000,000 tons as against 18,000,000. If this process went on for another year or two, we might run into a real shortage: but it won't. At present prices, or even at the average price of the past six months, the production of sugar is sure to be very largely increased. In the United States, for instance, nearly half a million acres devoted to sugar beets were turned to something else (potatoes, mostly) last year because the sugar market had been smashed the year before. Europe's production has been less, by two million tons a year, than before the war, and may be expected to increase. Cuba, which used to produce two and a half million tons and has lately been producing four, could go higher if conditions warranted it.

The heavy consumption last year was partly due to the fact that sugar was very cheap. At the beginning of the year it was selling for less than the cost of production; and while the price moved steadily upward throughout the year, it was still a cheap food. (Dietitians insist that it is cheap even at ten cents, but it is unlikely that the housewife will agree with this.) All past experience indicates that high prices are followed by increased production and curtailed consumption, which are followed by a surplus which is followed by a break in price which is followed by curtailed production which is followed by an increase in prices which is followed by curtailed consumption—and so on. This is a clumsy, stupid and needlessly painful method of doing things; but it is the only one we have.

*Did the Department of Commerce deliberately issue a misleading statement in order to aid the sugar profiteers in running up the price?* This charge has not yet been proved, and in my judgment is false; though several men who are watching the sugar situation believe that it is true. The department issues a weekly magazine called Com-

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merce Reports; and in the issue of Monday, February 12th, it had a routine article on Trend of World Sugar Production and Consumption. At the beginning was a summary of the article in large bold type, which said:

> In 1921-22 the world sugar consumption was 500,000 tons greater than production, and the prospects are that it will be 700,000 tons greater in 1922-23. If these prospects materialize, the heavy accumulated stocks of the end of the 1920-21 season will have given way by the end of 1922-23 to a carry-over below the pre-war normal figure.

The department, in the laudable ambition to get its facts and figures published as widely as possible, issues newspaper "releases" of many of its articles; and these are furnished to the newspapers some days in advance, with a "release date" to insure simultaneous publication. The newspaper version of this article on sugar was verbatim except for the omission of three things—two unimportant sections near the close, and the summary. Instead of the latter, the copy for newspapers used the words quoted in my second paragraph.

If the editors had read the article carefully they would have seen in the third paragraph a neat little table with four columns—"carry over, first of year," "estimated production," "estimated consumption," and "final carry over, end of year." The last column would have told them that the surplus was estimated at 476,000 tons, which is nearly five weeks' supply for the United States. Unhappily, careful reading and analysis of statistical matter is not one of the strong points of the average journalist.

In my judgment the unfortunate heading on the newspaper release was no more than a blunder. It was a very bad blunder; it is costing the country a great deal of money; but I have no evidence that it was deliberately intended to produce a bull market for sugar.

*Did some one in the Department of Commerce supply advance information of this sugar report to Wall Street gamblers?* The answer is Yes and No. The newspaper article, "released" for Monday, February 12th, was sent to large numbers of newspapers, press associations and ticker services some days earlier. Such advance material is usually held in strict confidence by editors; but in this case the representative of a Wall street ticker service broke faith and used the bulletin on the preceding Friday. Thereupon the department did the only thing it could do, and notified the press associations and such newspapers as it could reach, to use the material at once.

It is clear that the method of distributing news by the department is wrong and should be abolished at once. Statements should be given only to men who assemble in one room at one time, and for immediate release. Obviously, some one ought to make sure also that the "facts" in these statements happen to be true.

*Is there a Sugar Trust which controls the output and can dictate prices?* Pending a full answer to this by the numerous investigations, one may point out that during at least half of the year the price is practically controlled unless there is a glut. Of America's 5,000,000 tons a quarter is grown at home, a quarter comes from our insular possessions, and the other half comes, normally, from Cuba. Cuban sugar comes between February and October, when no other source is available; and nearly all of it comes through the eight or ten big companies known as the "Atlantic refiners." The value of their strategic position in times of scarcity is obvious.

*Did Herbert Hoover, Senator Smoot of Utah, and General Crowder conspire with Cuban growers to reduce the crop in 1922 and cause a shortage?* The answer is, first, that the reduction hasn't happened; Cuba is producing 4,000,000 tons. It is true, however, that after a conference at which General Crowder was present, Senator Smoot agreed to work for a reduction in the tariff on Cuba sugar from $1.60 to $1.40 if the Cuban growers would restrict their crop. It is also true that when the Cuban growers believed themselves to be ruined by the catastrophic price-collapse of 1921 they discussed crop limitation in Mr. Hoover's presence, and he referred them to the American growers. Whether or not this seems reprehensible to you will depend on your own point of view. Mr. Hoover, whose first instinctive thought is always for the producer, may very well have considered that crop limitation was the only way out for the growers who were confronted by bankruptcy.

If he thought so, however, he was wrong. After the 400 American banks had been persuaded "by person or persons unknown" not to foreclose their mortgage on Cuba's 1,200,000 tons and thereby smash the market, all of that sugar was purchased and most of it no doubt was eaten, in less than six months—and the price was going up.

*What caused the recent increase in price, aside from the Department of Commerce statement?* Efforts of sugar speculators, who had for some time been trying to create a bull market; general knowledge in the trade that the world surplus was dwindling; increasing consumption with returning prosperity and higher wages in the United States; and the new tariff, which raised the cost directly sixteen-hundredths of a cent a pound and indirectly more than that by unsettling prices and starting a general upward movement. Under the circumstances, the department statement probably did no more than give the speculators a beautiful excuse for which they had long been waiting.

*When will sugar go down again?* When the great American housewife, in her millions, goes on strike and refuses to pay the unfair price . . . . perhaps!

BRUCE BLIVEN.

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# Circus

YESTERDAY, in the sawdust pit of Barnum & Bailey's one and only Greatest Show on Earth, I saw four members of the Moscow Art Theatre feeding peanuts to the elephants.

One was Alexandrov, who played the part of Yasha in The Cherry Orchard. The other three I didn't recognize. But all four were unmistakably enchanted. As eagerly as any of the youngsters who tugged at a parental hand, they crowded to the ringside of these quiet giants whom the billboards hailed as Pachyderms. I am not certain that Alexandrov had a box of crackerjack. But tucked beneath one arm was certainly a red whip, the like of which concessionaires had sold us while the "Thundering, Desperate and Furious Four-Horse Roman Chariot Race" was coursing twice around the track. Here, chez Barnum & Bailey, peanuts and pachyderms, that hot smell of circus in the air, and the slack-wire still whipping gently from the leaps and bounds of slippered toes, it struck me suddenly that these Russians were engaged in a singularly happy exchange of courtesies. The Moscow Art Theatre had come to pay respects to the Art Theatre of America.

Neither the walls nor footlights of a playhouse, here—three rings instead of a proscenium—and yet perhaps an Art Theatre as expressive of America as that Moscow company is sometimes said to be—of inchoate, rambling and artistic Russia. We Americans are worshippers of the gigantic. Our skyscrapers are the tallest buildings in the world; our locomotives and our Hippodromes, our wheat crops and our fire-engines, are the biggest locomotives, Hippodromes, wheat crops and fire-engines ever. "There's the State University," they will tell you in Columbus or Ann Arbor; "seven thousand students, and growing all the time. Two years more, and watch it grow to ten." Size we reverence for its own intrinsic value. An art interpretative of our young enthusiasm recognizes that.

One reason, then, why the Greatest Show on Earth is so much more American than anything on Broadway. That great tent does not simply house a crowd of fifteen thousand people; from the billboards we're aware that it's "the greatest stretch of canvas ever raised." Napoleon had nothing like it. Nor Charlemagne. Nor Caesar. Nor even Tut-Ankh-Amen. This largest stretch of canvas ever raised is ours. It yawns prodigiously to catch an eager crowd; the band blares out a welcome; Barnum & Bailey's opens with the Greatest of All Pageants.

What follows, certainly, is an avalanche of unrestrained superlatives. High under the eaves of this great canvas hall, perched on never-quiet swings, performs "the greatest aggregation of mid-aerial gymnasts in the world." Down below, on terra firma, Miss Mabel Stark and seven tigers stage "the greatest and most thrilling wild animal act ever offered in this or any other country." But that is just what Christian Shroder and his polar bears do too—"universally admitted to be the greatest and most thrilling wild animal act ever seen anywhere." Mlle. Leitzel "breaks every law of gravity." Miss Bertha Beeson is "positively and obviously the most sensational high wire artist of all time." The slightly shop-worn bears who gad about on mid-Victorian bicycles represent "the supreme achievement of wild animal training." Barnum & Bailey dogs are "the world's most wonderfully trained canines." Barnum & Bailey cowboys are "the greatest rough-riding and roping champions from plain and prairie." Barnum & Bailey elephants are "the biggest brutes that breathe." Here is an art whose every moment pulses with the same enthusiasm that rises fifty-seven stories to the Woolworth Building roof, there to throw its chest out. The man who writes the Barnum & Bailey programs knows what he is doing. All those figures he packs into them have purpose. Mlle. Leitzel may defy the laws of gravity; it is equally a factor in the circus-goer's pleasure to be told the chef bakes forty-seven hundred pancakes every morning. For us a thing colossal is a joy forever. Not in vain does the circus travel 40,000 miles each summer, burn 6,000 incandescent lamps, eat 2,000 hard or soft boiled eggs at breakfast.

The circus is superlative. In that it is American. But it is also prodigal with its display. And there again it is a more faithful representation than quiet little Broadway. Americans, it might be said, are never so contented as when there is more to look at than they can ever see. The circus gives it to them. Stop all other acts to give Christian Shroder undivided interest for his polar bears? Not for a moment. Ring No. 2 goes right ahead with Captain Ricardo and his Riding Lion; Ring No. 3 resounds with the unmeasured din of coffee-colored bears that shoot the shoots. Let the four Karoli Brothers have the arena to themselves for an amazing bit of juggling? Oh, no! The Karolis must be satisfied with whatever portion of the audience can keep from looking somewhere else. The Andersons, meantime, are balancing one another on the tops of masts, Ring No. 1. The Weise Troupe risks its neck on ladders, Ring No. 2. Above Stage No. 1 the Three Jahns turn

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flying somersaults. May-tells dangle from a wire perch above Stage No. 3. "Travelling at the rate of countless revolutions to the minute," Miss Sweeney whirls to glory high above Stage No. 2, nothing but a firm hold with her teeth to keep her from shooting like a comet through the sagging canvas. Something happening in more places simultaneously than the eye can follow—that is the program of the circus. And the aspiration of its patrons. In no other place does the theory Thorstein Veblen once suggested, the theory of American enjoyment in Conspicuous Waste, work out more patly than amid the moving blasts of the calliope.

And with an alacrity in its own self characteristically American, the whole performance is driven at top speed. No sooner have the acrobatic Nelsons—"positively all one family of father, mother, six daughters and one son"—quit scrambling one another furiously around Ring No. 2, then Manuel Herzog and his black Hungarian stallions come cantering in to take their place, on the last eddies of an echoing applause. Scarcely has the sawdust settled in the wake of the Sevillos and their dappled ponies, than Mr. Shroder supersedes them with his rollerskating polar bears. One wave of the wand—and where a Rooney stretched his arms to catch a swiftly flying brother, six slippery seals are balancing umbrellas on top their leathery noses. Acts follow one another like express trains through a tunnel. Everything is gallop. Stage-hands rush to knot and unknot myriads of tangled ropes. A whistle blows. Two mail-cars rattle up with seven lions. As nowhere in our indoor theatre does the passion of America for Rapid Action find expression. Here, where one magic moment can transform the panther's den into a blazing tenement to be salvaged by a company of reckless clowns, there is epitomized that spirit which exults in twenty-story buildings rising overnight where yesterday was just a hole—the spirit of mammoth furnaces in the Allegheny hills that clamor greedily for ore dug far away in Minnesota and rushed with circus speed from mere earth to polished steel—of iron cities hammered out in one short generation from little frontier towns with trading-posts and forts. The circus has the nervous energy of young America. For its own colonists it builds a distant city every morning.

All this the Russians might have noted. All this—and more. That liking for a spinal jolt which we Americans, perhaps, possess in more abundance than our fellows. Year by year the circus goes from thrill to thrill. First it is the madcap who rides recklessly around a loop-the-loop. Next year he rides a loop from which one section has been bitten out. Next year he rides two loops, or blows a trumpet on his way around. Today thrills have progressed to such a point that Mons. de Long, "the human mono-rail," rides upside down upon a roller skate along an inclined wire—Mlle. Ruby lets herself be trapped in a cage that spins the dance of death and whips her to a custard fury.

They might have noted other things, the Russians:

That discriminating sense of decency which will permit a young girl to strip herself to airy tights, to hang head down from a trapeze, but not to bear a salver in Salomé.

That eagerness of ours for a humor altogether topical: clowns ages old in make-up, faithful to thirteenth century Italy in every gash of red on white chalk cheek; but up to the last minute in their pantomime—burlesqueing this year Coué and the styles of Egypt, as other years have gone to Volstead, Henry Ford and Freedom of the Seas.

Above all else, that friendly elbow-nudging geniality without which America could never be. Chiquita, the clown-dog, escapes the clutches of his trainer; we laugh together. Clown husbands walk clown floors with babies; husbands on the tiers of wooden benches slap their knees. "Zip," dean of the side show family, invites the audience to join the cavalcade of freaks. Everything is friendly on the benches. We laugh together, catch our breath with one consuming "Ah!" No one resents the twins making periodic trips to some far-off supply of filtered water. No one minds the stumbling usher or the sediment of peanut-shells that sifts down gently from above.

Banners flying in the breeze outside. Balloons, red, blue and yellow, bobbing in a hundred pudgy hands. Soiled tradesmen hawking salt-sea candy. Earth new-turned. Young Spring, once more, And circus!

CHARLES MERZ.

## To an Indolent Woman

Dusk with never a wing to make
A pointed shadow on the grass,
Prepares a darkness that will break
Above you like a dome of glass.

If you had drunk from scented air
Until you breathed yourself alive,
Smoothing your eyes on silver where
The birds that make the twilight dive,

Night would be taut above your head,
And dark, like split glass, purple and blue,
Like twisted iron and splintered lead,
Would not crash down, dispersing you.

And when your body curved to rest
A rhythm slow as the wing of a gull,
Moving in quiet through your breast,
Might make your slumber beautiful.

HAZEL HALL.

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# Lord Robert Cecil

EVERY European who leaves the security of a distant reputation to risk appearance in the flesh before us, destroys an old image of himself while creating in our minds a new one. The Phoenix, Reality, who rises from the ashes of Reputation is never quite the same bird.

There was a curate-liké figure, with its austere and almost defeated droop, which was the most remarkable of the three shapes which Mr. Max Beerbohm drew and called Cecils in Conclave. He is gone now, replaced by someone more robust, more human. There was also that voice, heard intermittently over Europe, which at our remoteness sounded nobly, passionately, hopelessly—the bitter voice of Mercy itself, solitary in Bedlam. And that image also is gone, and it too has been replaced by something more entangled with the world and more likable, if less challenging.

The impression Lord Robert leaves with Americans who go to hear him is a clear one. Whether the occasion of his appearance be public or private, the essential honesty, reasonableness and genuineness of the man overshadow such lesser things as disagreements with him. Perhaps we feel ourselves to be, on the subject of the League, in opposing camps: we sit down with him, and under his influence in no time at all we forget the ditches of definition, the fences of fact that lay between us; we have joined camps, and now have mistakes in common to talk about, and common antagonists. He wins us by no calculation, by no make-up of face, voice or emotions, by no enacting of any drama of persuasion. Most of all, perhaps, he wins us by a matchless readiness—I almost said eagerness—to admit himself to be mistaken.

This frankness, this sharing of his mind with others is explicit in the ungainly, top-heavy shape which slouches down in its chair, now doubled-up and sunk almost out of sight, now alertly bent forward, now playing pensively with the knives and forks, now plate-gazing in complete abstraction. The eyes, gray, wide, clear, are not worldly, but neither are they of any other world, and seem lit to a friendly, pensive gleam by glimpses, not of millenniums, but of what might so very easily be, on this earth, tomorrow or the day after. The line of his profile descends in a homely kind of nobility from a fringed dome through rounded intellectual angles of baldness, over the beak-like nose down to a broad reasonable shelf of upper lip overhanging a hospitable, sensitive mouth. When he stands up, the profile from shoulders to back of head is even more memorable, marking a kind of disjoint between the intention of really athletic if stooping shoulders and the consideration of the bowed head. When he is speaking, this line is amazingly expressive, and with it alone he gestures as might, perched on a short bough, some kindly, powerful, civilized, wingless eagle.

A number of those who heard Lord Robert plead his cause before the Foreign Policy Association remember the occasion as a heartening, almost a great one, and brought away a singular warmth of admiration and affection for the speaker in spite of a feeling that the speech itself was thoroughly uninspiring. It was a plea made earnestly, persuasively, rather than with spiritual passion; it was a plea that had evidently been made before, and the sincerity and zeal which touched the listeners could not conceal spots worn thin in their vehicle of words. In fact richness, variety, novelty of language were quite absent. Yet how unimportant this seemed, and how important the obvious truth that here was that rarity, a political speaker whose own feelings and convictions exactly coincide with his expression of them in public. How disarming—were they intended to be?—seemed those sceptical parentheses: "If I understand it"; "So I am told"; how like Lord Balfour's scepticism except for the essential point that with him they seemed to conceal a fundamental hardness of heart. Lord Robert, one feels, is so much at the other extreme that one is not confident of finding underneath his abundant layers of humanity the inner rock of inviolable purpose. Half-afraid, one turns quickly to his unexampled genuineness only to be saddened by the reflection that, in the political race, he has perhaps been handicapped by the weight of the triple armor of his sincerity.

Sincerity—it is not usually found in anyone who has, to the extent that Lord Robert commands them, possession of all the arts and graces of political oratory. He is master, by his own nature and gifts, of the hearts and minds of others, and by virtue of his skill in using them, of their attention—a skill that can pass from a sustained flight of political eloquence, with its fine climax of a quotation from the Gettysburg address, all at once into the neat, impromptu manner of the front-bench annihilating the adversary and his question.

There will be not a few, among those Americans who will hear him and refer to him affectionately as "Lord See-sul," to compare him for a moment to Lincoln, that other awkward, genuine, prophetic figure. One observer has marked the difference between them: Lord Robert's "face, of course, carries no such indication of inward suffering, but is far more sophisticated," and "he seems a man who knew many of the things Lincoln did, but one who cared less." Probably that deeper insight of Lincoln's is lacking, and Lord Robert's feelings and insights are of the wider, more general kind; his sincerity is no less genuine, but less profound.

But no real comparison is possible, or necessary. Lord Robert can stand alone, and we can be content to listen to him, liking him whether we agree or not, and to think of his powerfully bent figure as of some earnest, consenting, incorruptible initial in the alphabet of reasonableness.

ROBERT LITTELL.

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# The Whole Art of Forgetting

A TRAVELLER recently returned from abroad has been describing the English advertisements for a course in mnemonics. A business man of Liverpool, it seems, is represented in the act of greeting a fellow business man from Glasgow with the startling information so familiar to us all. A poster depicts the first chap confronting the second and disconcerting him by recalling the latter's name and the place and date of their meeting—which happened at Manchester at the Rotary dinner.

But the Liverpool man performs a feat far more difficult in the accomplishment than that extraordinary confrontation in the back pages of our own periodicals—I refer of course to the prodigious powers of memory usually associated with the name of Mr. Something-or-other Sims of Seattle. In the first place, any chap who does that sort of thing over there must meet with discouragement no end, and all that. I should think a draper matey enough to come forward like that in England might be sent up for the D. S. O. at the least, with an extra oak leaf on the ribbon if he performed this feat of daring in the reading room of a club. And secondly, the sheer exertion of the intellect is more exhausting, for British business men are even more stolidly alike than our own not too differential George F. Babbitts.

Yet, it is rather heartening to look forward to the time when this particular memory course shall invade Greece; and I for one shall be happy to peruse the account of the Spartan confrontation with a vast amount of interest and unstinted admiration. There indeed shall a Hellenic Mr. Sims wax Homeric in his feats of memory. The copy for the advertisement will not be without its native humor. Fancy a full page drawing in Spartan Stories wherein one Lacedaemonian exclaims to his colleague:

> I KNOW YOU. YOU ARE MR. ARISTHENES XANTIPAPOUDOULOUS OF PYTHAGORAS CITY, AND YOU REPRESENT THE KATTROPATHERION ANTHROPON HELLENIKON MANUFACTURING COMPANY FOR EASTERN THRACE. I MET YOU AT A BANQUET OF THE PHILOMATHESION STRATTIOTOI CLUB AT CORINTH. HOW IS MRS. XANTIPAPAPOUDOULOUS AND THAT CHARMING CHILD OF YOURS, LITTLE PENTHESILEA?

I know now why the glory that was Greece took the count from the grandeur that was Rome. Economic disintegration followed a complete mental breakdown; paresis was superinduced by the efforts made at the local temples of commerce to recall the names of competitor Rotaros in sister cities of the Attic league. When historians trace the growth of Rome's foreign trade and the corresponding decline in Greece, they will do wisely to bear in mind the advantages enjoyed by a competitor named L. Ruffo, Roma, against Aristhenes Xantipapoudoulous in selling gross lots of bronze novelty busts of Euripides for the Medea Festival trade, to be used as prizes in the Japanese Rolling Ball games. I can see the young Mr. Xantipapoudoulous, just back from sixteen years at the academy, starting out with his first case of samples. I can fancy the old tablets-keeper of the firm, his ear worn thin from the stylus poised behind it, saying proudly: "Ah, young master, come back with your name or on it."

The reader will pardon these absurd digressions. I really forgot the theme for a moment; presently I shall proceed to elaborate upon it at ever so many cents a word. I might digress again to imagine the devastation wrought by a Swedish Mr. Sims at the Annual Sardine Bake of the Sklagerretts Tsandsticker Safety Match Cutters' Union when he recognizes the herring magnate from Skyarlejlgjaroff. But space will not permit. . . . Now the trouble with memory courses is an obvious one: we have so many old, unhappy discontented things sticking in the craw of conscience that any insinuation that we should be at great pains to remember still more is downright insult.

What I propose, in simple, is this. Let a group of business psychologists draw up a set of exercises—a sort of cerebral daily dozen—designed to assist a man to forget anything which nags his conscience, or more important still, his consciousness, if he will but go through the exercises twice a week before breakfast. Of course their results should be so arranged and classified that the pupil is permitted to exercise the use of free will in choosing the subjects he will forget. . . . Personally I should watch for the arrival of Mr. Sims at Warsaw and should wish to remember it.

The French kings were among the very first to perceive the dangers inherent in remembering things. They carried the point to its logical development and foresaw the menace in permitting their associates to remember certain incidents. The Bourbons finally lost the throne, as history recalls, because they learned nothing and forgot nothing. A visitor at the great chateau at Blois may descend to the cellar and there inspect the first crude attempt at combatting the memory courses of the day.

When Henri III knew a man whom he wished to forget, or when he knew a man who knew something Henri III wished him to forget, the exercise was simple but effective. Henry's family had been living there at Blois for years, and when they had built the old home place they sunk a two hundred foot well in the cellar. The aperture was closed over with iron and cement, except for a small opening euphemistically called a manhole, or oubliette. In other words, a forgetter. There-

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after, when occasion arose, and the King of France was peeved by some royal bounder who might say: "I know you, I saw you at Navarre . . ." the word was passed to the varlets in the basement to unscrew the cover from the manhole.

Thus the French kings anticipated by several centuries the teachings of a notable countryman of theirs. M. Emile Coué bases his philosophy on the fundamental observation that a man progresses in health, wisdom, business, etc., in direct proportion to the square of things he forgets. "Aw, forget it," seems to be the underlying sanity of the insane phrase he has coached us all to repeat. If one has an obligation at the bank or a hairlip, M. Coué virtually advises us to repeat over and over a combination of words until the cerebral exercise anaesthetizes the mind to the quickening sutures of memory.

Permit me to illustrate the idea for the class: Perhaps Henri III, the morning that the Cardinal of Lorraine was painfully but firmly forgotten, walked away from the manhole saying over and over again DaybydayineverywayIamgrowingbetterandbetter. If the thing has worked for both a king and for a philosopher of France, surely the psychologists we are kidnapping from universities and flinging into the lashing channels of quantity production have the wit to devise a Forgetter's Elementary Primer. If you believe in either Henri III or M. Coué, then by this time you should accept my project as a practicable one, and follow the rest of the way with good grace.

Let us do the thing on a big scale in a big way, as big men undoubtedly would say. The best way to bring happiness to the masses is by correspondence schools or (to shun the vulgate) extension universities. There could be no degree more treasured than a B. L. C. (Bachelor of Letho-Cerebralism) from an extension university, with signatures attesting to the fact that the recipient had this day completed the entire six weeks course by mail, and had completely sponged from the slate of his memory the following subjects:

Financial obligations
Domestic alliances
Sunday
Fraternal acquaintances
Y. M. C. A. Campaign Pledges
XVIII amendment
Wife (or Lady in 76th Street)

I list the subjects at random from a series I have made up, implying nothing of a personal nature in the selections. There might be any number of special courses which could be given at a purely nominal charge of $100 per subject, with $5 contingency fee for breakage. I can see where a man might wish to forget the Covenant of the League of Nations. In fact, I personally know one poor crock of a fellow who spends his days reading novels and short stories and the campaign speeches of Charles E. Hughes, and who would cheerfully pay $100 to forget everything leading up to that absurd Conference at Versailles.

Why not design a set of exercises for the American desirous of forgetting the Versailles Treaty? The forgetter might begin, say, by visualizing thrice daily the face of Henry Cabot Lodge as it might appear clean shaven, and at the same time he might commit to memory five hundred words from any utterance by Ambassador Harvey. The whole field of politics will be revolutionized by recipients of B. L. C. degrees. Perhaps the reader will grasp this if I indicate portions of a certain dispatch emanating from Washington fifty years hence:

WASHINGTON, March 4, 1973 (By Associated Press)..... After he had concluded what is undoubtedly the most constructive and far reaching address ever delivered at an inaugural under the spreading portico of the Capitol of the United States, the new President, accompanied by the retiring Chief Executive, leaped into an aeroplane and zoomed rapidly to the Headquarters of the Letho Cerebral Extension University at Chicago. There he will be presented with—tradition has it—the same Forgetter's Elementary Primer which was first used by Warren G. Harding in 1920.

Special activities there are expected to put President Snowball through the entire six weeks' course in two days, after which time he must return to Washington to attend to the pressing duty of fixing the tariff on bread, which he has pledged to the wheat growers on Manhattan Island shall be done.

In the business world, where now all are madly bent upon remembering things, the greatest results will be expected from Letho-Cerebralism. Unless we embrace the subject shortly, it will crack under the strain of memory. I am not one to believe that the wreck of civilization is at hand, but we are in danger of reverting to the French kings. Another year's calculations on the income from corporations will find every board room equipped with oubliettes to assist in the matter of declaring off exemptions where treasurers have difficulty in certifying consolidated tax returns and income from holding companies.

Picture the advertisements for Letho-Cerebralism, as they will appear in magazines fifty years hence. There will be the same picture of the man in blue denim overalls, and he will be rushing enthusiastically into the arms of his wife. (If he elected to forget the lady in 76th Street.) And he will still be shouting, "I got the raise."

The copy will be changed in the next few lines to conform with the new science.

"I was the only man there," he will be exulting, "when the president chose a confidential secretary, who had forgotten about the time we gave the Internal Revenue Auditor that dirty deal in the matter of income from sale of by-products. *I got the job, because I was a Letho-Cerebral man.*"

LAURENCE STALLINGS.

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# Shakespeare and Empire

WIDESPREAD among the civilized, and almost universal among the English-speaking, is the assumption that William Shakespeare is the greatest literary genius of the Western world. This assumption is so seldom examined that it is in reality a myth—the Myth of Shakespeare. Goethe, Schlegel, Coleridge, Taine, Suarès are archetypes of the imaginative critics whose evocative energy and need of worship have moved them to nurture it. Voltaire, Tolstoy, Shaw are examples of the controversial men who by the miscarriage of their disapproval have nurtured the myth no less. A part of Shakespeare's genius lies in his choice of foes. If I am right and he is the most charming, rather than the profoundest of writers, we see how his charm works both ways. For he charms his lovers to furious hyperbole (and naught convinces like the madness that says Yea) and he charms his critics to misfire (and a challenge ill-couched, a blow ill-aimed, is a defeat foredoomed).

Yet surely among the literate there must be those who stand by me in my conviction that Shakespeare's powers, however feat and great, are not so preeminent as his myth would have them. . . . Aeschylos: the tragic depths of life made crystal, made massive with facets of golden song. Plato: a true theatre of the mind. Dante: a universal form where life, scaled by a vast mind's voyages, is essenced to a subjective passion as unitary as his stuff is infinite. Rabelais: a book which gives sheer, whole, the soil-base of mankind and man's proud sublimation into thought and laughter, a book honest and intact as a child's body, fresh as a young forest, sounding as the sea. And beside this book whose prose crowds with scarce a drooping line in the densest of warm rhythms, another book glowing with a mellow love as far beyond the Rabelaisian prose as fire is beyond the mellowest carved wood: this book the matrix of a character more significant than any other literary creation since the figure of Christ: the book of Cervantes, a book as simple and as intricate as the peaked plains of Spain. Intellection, distilled of its reducing elements and held to an aesthetic form that is its essence, the true pure prototype of modern art, the Ethic of Spinoza: a Temple whose stones are manifold mind. Montaigne: whose name is a people's will to challenge the pride of mystery with their own pride of knowledge: Pascal: whose lucid and impregnable prose is the response to the people—these two the dialogue of France. The moulded confessional of Villon, the fire-parabolas of Blake, the "wild-earth" urns of Keats, the dawns of Shelley; the macrocosm of Walt Whitman. . . . Or the great organic visions: the human will unbridled and extended as in Boccaccio and Chaucer, the human will compressed into a social or an individual soul, Balzac and Dostoyevsky. . . . The Shakespearean is aburst with his answer.

"Of course," laughs he, "how clever! To topple the master from his Imperial throne, you assemble the kings of the literary world. What better way could you prove Shakespeare's vastness than by this need of leaguing the perfections of all the literatures against him?"

Before we answer this answer, let us examine it. It has a tinge which for want of an apter term I might call imperialistic. "Shakespeare," it suggests, "covers the literary world. To match him, or to find him, you must go afield in the five kingdoms of letters. Each has its kings. Shakespeare the emperor of them all."

What is the true preeminence of Shakespeare?

Elizabethan Drama, as I understand it, perfected four large forms. In two of these, the town or genre play and the masque, Jonson, Dekker, Middleton and Ford take easy precedence over Shakespeare. In the other two, the romantic comedy and the poetic melodrama, Shakespeare is supreme, although certain pieces by Marlowe, Tourneur and Webster attain a pitch of intensity and shock that even Lear scarce passes. But it is true: the qualities of As You Like It, The Merry Wives, Much Ado, Midsummer Night's Dream, Twelfth Night, Romeo and Juliet, are unique. Here is charm perfumed, and grace. Here is a moving spectacle of wit, laden with hearty hungers, charged with loves; a tracing of curves and feints upon the flat of Time unequalled for freshness and for fairness. Here are dreamed women, the very breasts of adolescent worship. Here are brave men, the very boast of lusty boastful boys. This motley of clowns, courtiers, villains, lovers lays a fragrant field beneath our stumbling and sore feet. And the heavier battallions: Othello, Macbeth, Timon, Brutus, Lear—what singing charm in their compact of fury! Could lyric boys aping the elements want more? High scenes: the very extravagance of prospect. Resonant lines bristling with hard long words as Roman marches bristle with swords and spears: how the groundling must have loved them! Are they not the apotheosis of youth, making noble gesture, making noble speech? Are they not the pageant of Adolescence?

Surely the tragedies of Shakespeare are the most fetching of melodramas. This array of Richards, Harries, Antonies and Iagos looms in the mind of youth as do the adventures of wonderland in the heart of Alice. But shall we compare them with Prometheus, Oedipos, Medea? Shall we compare them with the tragic masks of Cervantes and Dostoyevsky? Do not these kings rule over a child's work?

Shakespeare takes his tale and runs his figures through it. He takes his characters and pins on them his intricate wordings. If the axis of the Wheel of Life revolves at the heart of the dramas

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of Othello, Macbeth, Lear, I have missed it. The aesthetic consequence of these high-pitched contemplations thrust within the chaos of their form is to shrink the plays, to give them as organic wholes a fading and frail life. The parts in Shakespeare are ever greater than the wholes. His plays are parcels of splintered splendor, because he lacked the austere power to hold the slow moulding of his vision against his world's encroachment. Glimpses we have of the Wheel: the speeches flash upon revelation and fall back. But the plays roll rather ridiculously off, beneath the high burden of their words. They are like floats on dumpy wooden wheels, bearing aloft an unrelated splendor.

To shift my figure: I find in the plays of Shakespeare his greater intuitions playing like fireworks above the scant frames of his action. Macbeth must stand apart to utter loveliness, Portia must stand apart to be wise. Lear must rave in a storm to be more than a booby. The plays are potpourris, brilliant machines of horror and of movement: the very masterworks of melodrama. Take them all in all, I find them as organisms shallow, as mechanisms for profound emotion sprawling, as vehicles of vision lifeless: albeit a genial poet has lavished in them his lovely bloom of pleasaunce, vision and surprise.

Bring up the others. . . . For me the spheric realm of Dante reduces Shakespeare to a province. The lusty blast of Rabelais and the meadow-breathing breath of Chaucer shrink the Shakespearean afflatus to the vapors of a stuffy stage. To me there live in a shut room of Dostoyevsky deeps and parabolas of soul beyond the reaches of Shakespearean halls. Prometheus, Ulysses, Quixote, the Villon and the Whitman of themselves outstature every character in Shakespeare: and there is in Dante and Balzac an organic mass by contrast with which the Elizabethan's plays dwindle to the work of a man who took the stuffs of his age, the needs and manners of his craft and, little moved to cast them all aside in a Dionysian gesture, did well with them, did supremely well—did better than his fellows. . . .

Perhaps it is the essential limitation of Mr. T. S. Eliot that he should have seen so clear the organic chaos of the material of Shakespeare's Hamlet and yet so wholly missed that this very chaos offered the poet a substance harmonious with his spirit and hence aesthetically ripe to be fused into the unity of a play. The cross-stresses of material in the earlier Hamlets gave to the half-conscious Shakespeare his chance to create a masterpiece. Hamlet is a frail bewildered figure and the play's background bears him out. Hamlet thinks in doubts and poignant vapors and the pulse of villainies and hazards but half real. And such too is the rhythm of his world. The conduct of his uncle is held to the consistency of a frail tissue. The mock crime of the actors is almost equally dense with the actual crime that, significantly, is related by a ghost. Ophelia is the fragrant cobweb even a slight man's will can brush through: and at the end she melts in the waters of a brook. Polonius is a gentle fool. Laertes, Fortinbras, Horatio are hesitant half-looming men. Hamlet moves through a physical diaphony of life like his own self-defeating inner shifts. He suffers in a milieu that is the picture of his soul. For once, then, the riddled stuff of the play is the stuff of the poet's intuitions. Drama, word, and dramatist are one.

Hamlet is Shakespeare true to his own inner turmoil. Master W. S. of London was a more commanding fellow. He was an exquisite spirit thrust in a coarse world, who yet had just the canniness to overcome it. His way was to "play the game." He borrows the fury and fustian of the age—all the worn armor of Kyd's Spanish Tragedy—and he struts through London. His strutting is Macbeth, Lear, Falstaff: a most successful posture. So, at the end, he can retire to his ease in Stratford. But the soul of Shakespeare languishes as the body fattens. (Why was Hamlet stout and short of breath?) The soul of Shakespeare is repugned by fustian, horrified by ghosts, dismayed at the clash of "Elizabethan" action. The career of the man is his other plays. The soul of the man is Hamlet.

Let us see this successful play in the clarity of its own life. Is not the antique "mystery" of Hamlet but the fog of the clash of his most expressive play with the Imperial Shakespearean Myth? Of course, if a Titan wrote Hamlet, there's a mystery. But it seems to me that Hamlet is far more clearly present than the Titan. Hamlet is exquisite and feminine. Hamlet elects defeat rather than ride the world. His murder is the first of the modern suicides. The downfall of his house is the alternative choice of a passive man to the urgencies of action. Hamlet is proud. But in his temper and his acts, do there not live the signs of the ultimate weak, world-weary, sentimental hero? Who are the successors of Prometheus, Ulysses, Job, Jesus, Don Quixote? The hero is ultimate as the sun. He does not dim to a dynasty. But the successors of Hamlet are Werther, Adolphe, Childe Harold, Max Beerbohm and the mooncalves.

The Tempest is the paradise of Hamlet: the Sonnets are his breviary. Retreating from the challenge of the Elizabethan world (as England has retreated) the poet finds the island of Miranda. There, upheld by the wand of Prospero and happy in his bitterness at last, he stands revealed: prince of the yearning and the wistful, forefather of our romantics who make their cover from the high angry noon of life to the crepuscular peace of death. Good! But where is your hero? where is your mountainous master? Shall the maker of Hamlet be adored with the makers of gods?

In their weakness, equally as in their strength, this fortunate man's plays have worked to win the

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worship of the modern crowd. He is romantic and he is sentimental. His sonnets show in mere nakedness the supine tenderness by which his hunger wreathed its way into the "heart of the world." But the feminine qualities of Shakespeare could not alone have won his place. The secret is, that these are subtly concealed and vehicled in a play of strength that is our modern image.

Think of Lear: how at the first onset of emotion it spills into pageant and excess, and these the conveyancers not of strength but of sweet wistfulness—the pity of Cordelia, of Edgar, of old Lear. Compare the Promethean fragment of Aeschylos: the fettered Titan, the driven Io who, still upon a naked stage, with her words wanders the world, and the murmurous flowing Chorus of the Oceanides like a human tremorous flesh about these two great contrapuntal Voices. And now, hearken to your neighbor as he extols our age for its engines, for its guns, for its radios and fortunes. Here is strength he can measure. The strength of Shakespeare he can measure also. For it too is quantitative color, it too is a pageant of surfaces and peaks. It too is the creativeness of a soul too slight to hold unto itself its world. Shakespeare's wistful love insinuates our love: his clash of noise cheats our respect for power. And his diapason of inner yearning, inner "spentfulness" with outer show is the equation of the modern world.

Moreover, Shakespeare is the compromise candidate of the Republic of Letters. I am enthralled by the spiritual architecture of Spinoza: Homer makes me nod. But my friend loves Homer, and the Ethica does not win him. We can meet in Shakespeare. The critic who praises Plato, Augustine, Philo, Montaigne, Racine, will find response: but also he will find coldness. These masters, and the others, are too crystally, sheerly one to be commonly adored by the variant world. Their completion of form demands the completion of response that only the completely inclined can ever give them. But when the critic praises Shakespeare, his responses are wider because the condition for response is vaguer and less imperiously exacting. The praise of Shakespeare is therefore self-propagating, and in the long run has outstripped all others.

Shakespeare worked in a music of minor flutes bastioned by brass that is our modern music: the music of our world of imperial machines and of dwarfed souls. Shakespeare worked in an accessible art form. The fallacy of treating extension and accessibility as aesthetic measures is to be found in Goethe, in Coleridge, in Arnold, in Taine—in all the major priests of the Shakespearean Myth.

Twice or thrice in history has drama proved an art form deserving of the name of art. Drama in Athens for a while was great. It could achieve greatness because it was sheltered from the mob. The Attic mass nourished it with its sources and its presence, but was psychologically subdued from debauching it, by the authority of the religious spectacle and by the protecting common knowledge of the religious tale. The Greek could construct a profound design upon the Oedipean myth because the myth was common and because the crowd was ready for ceremonial reasons to accept it. The crowd's attention went to the myth: the artist's attention, freed, went to the soul of man. Such good cultivated soil reappeared under the mediaeval church. But the popular chaos could not throw up a Sophocles from its myths, possibly because the myths were alien. Again, the crowd was tempered rightly—though far differently—in the France of the great Louis. This was a rare moment of spiritual and social equilibrium, poised between the turmoils of the religious and of the economic wars: and two great men of the theatre rose to take advantage of it. The audience of Paris was genteel and urbane. A deep peace prepared it for the contemplation of subtle differentiations; an intelligent Court, a temperamental King, checked and attuned it: yet it was close enough still to the soil of Rabelais and Villon to welcome the passionate precisions of Molière and the precise passions of Racine.

Shakespeare had no such crowd, no such monarch, no such land. He worked in a muddied art form. But in its low terms he achieved so highly that ever since he has served as meeting ground for intellectual and crowd: he has provided that "golden mean" for which our modern intellectual (nostalgic for support) and our crowding average (nostalgic for good taste) perpetually yearn.

The Myth of Shakespeare is a sign in the popular uprising which moves like a tide from the failure of Europe to accept Aquinas to the present preparation of Europe to accept Karl Marx. It is a symbol of the age whose curve-plot is the sentimentalizing and extolling of the qualities of the mass: and the ultimate deification and empowering of the mass itself. But now that the mass approaches its own tragic coronation to which the intellectuals through the ages have prepared it, we might reread our Shakespeare and then go on to the creating of more pregnant myths.

WALDO FRANK.

## To My Despoiler

Yes, you have taken everything from me:
Beauty and love and all the measureless
Impatience of proud April; even our sea
Shouting under the gulls; all loveliness
Of form and sound and color; all that we
*Had touched; the curve of things we used to press*
Glowing against our senses; mystery
And movement . . . everything taken . . . taken . . . Yes,
Even the little brave irrelevancies
Like brooding water, dripping water-cress,
The cool dark noise of cropping; cruising bees
On hot gold expeditions—even these
You took from me—Oh spare me your caress,
Leave me at least my own stark loneliness!

JOSEPH AUSLANDER.

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# Critical Expressionism

*If Winter Comes, by A. S. M. Hutchinson and B. Macdonald Hastings. Gaiety Theatre, April 7, 1923.*

ENGLISH actors—in so far as they are actors—English, not American, the mere difference will make many in the audience take this for acting, much more than it is—

The wife and the friend — Miss Mabel Terry-Lewis — a good accent — some distinction of her own — talking drivel. The Major — Mr. Echlin Gayes — what an impossibly stuffy personage — his idea of acting is to keep your arms hanging down and your hands at the end of your cuffs — the propriety of his restraint, evidently a sporting gentleman — his honor — plainly sensitive to what he calls foam.

What stuff the words of this play — plainly the dramatizers wished to keep as much of the novel as possible, for reasons better known to the lady behind me than to me — there is a strange effect in the dialogue of something oblique — something that only slides on to the scene — the actors have no idea how to force these silly or novelistic lines into any relation to the audience — optique du thêatre — these people never heard of it — will someone slap the Major in the back? — these people mistake the theatre for a tea at the vicar's — they know how to drink tea — but is that acting? Miss Terry-Lewis struggles intelligently to give point by promptly emphasizing everything — her part remains foolish, obvious, forced, and yet without the kind of obviousness and forcing that would make it at least theatre, however ten, twenty, thirty —

Reverend Mr. Fortune, Mr. Twining and the young son on the scene plus the Major, who is worse than ever, with the pumping up and down of the eyebrows that Mr. Gayer supplies the audience — it is like the cardboard figures in the Chauve Souris — like a respectable jack-in-the-box — how I suffer —

Incredibly dull all this — when is the star coming?

Ah, a bicycle — the audience around me knows that Mark Sabre is walking out of the novel on to the stage —

I do not suffer — the patter on the stage goes on — it is so gloriously parochial — lower middle class English — mild and quietly stale and slow witted — so exactly what it is — one loves quintessences —

Mr. Cyril Maude — a jolly burst of cheer — a blast of false vowels, he mahst gaow to the trenches, lahv, etc. — jolly toying — such spirits, gotten by jerking himself up from the knees and looking jaunty and arch and kind and incessant — considerable drivel about the war — we thought the stage was through with the puerilities of the war — surely it had deeper meanings — Mark even feels that he mahst fight for civilization — the wife obviously cool — one gets it easily — is the play for servant girls? Why dig out the points like that?

Miss Lydia Bilbrooke entering by the terrace — Lady Tybar an old friend clearly of Mark Sabre's, whom she calls Marco — riding togs — bad make-up, the effect of being cross-eyed — her English is mincing, all vowels pushed toward e's—lessons from Miss Terry-Lewis would help—talks with Marco about lahv—in a French play the two of them could at least see where they are — but not these — they mince and moan and mess —Mark Sabre gets Lady Tybar's handkerchief to keep — their passion goes no further—restrained slush is more slushy for its noble restraint — these people are being loyal to a dozen things at once —

Oh for a little brains, a little air!

Miss Effie Bright engaged by Mr. Sabre as his wife's companion during his absence does not please Mrs. Sabre — Mark gets home on leave—how jolly the business off stage — what a dry, tiresome voice for so whimsical and adorable a rôle—he comes in with the maids—High Jinks and Low Jinks, a joke of dear Mark's about the two Miss Jinks —

At last thank God someone beside Miss Terry-Lewis — whose part rather than herself does the boring — at last someone who is not a bore — Miss Audrey Cameron as the maid is a delightful little actress — must have eyes and a droll mind — she gets her effects —

Mark's wife will never understand him alas — the gallery of course does — the dear fellow unpacks his kit bag, puts his shoes on the tea table — his shirts all patched — could anyone besides his wife miss these subtle comicalities — how maternal minded I should have to be to like this fun — one needs a mother's heart —

Lady Tybar again, worse than ever —

Various curtains and Mark Sabre at home again wounded but mending — the Major indicates again that he loves Mrs. Sabre — a girl outside in the rain — in the night — by which one knows that she has an illegitimate child — Effie Bright has had a baby — no one will take her in — Mark Sabre mahst — Mrs. Sabre to the contrary — dismisses the maid, leaves the house — the world is going to be against the good Mark.

Some modern theory about love and right — bold as the Ladies' Home Journal — a little quoting of Shelley — drooling over the magnificent West Wind Ode — Shelley becomes insufferable —

Another act — they never end —

Effie Bright alone now in Mark's house — Saint Mark — oxalic acid to clean his hat — deception — we all see she means to drink it — Mark goes away to Brighton — Effie Bright, Miss Peggy Rush, closes the curtain and empties the bottle — dies — at least the scene ends.

Is anybody sad at this? How many of these characters are still left? Why not pass around the acid?

Courtroom scene with everybody — case against Mark — Saint Mark for grocers — I cringe inwardly — another trial scene from a British playwright — worse than ever — no invention, no edge, no style — no distinction in production — Mr. Maude without pathetic quality — dry un-tragic voice —

I keep feeling that Mr. Cyril Maude must be going to the club when the trial ends — Paté, caviar —

Effie Bright's father takes the witness stand — fair acting — Miss Cameron, Low Jinks; gets another chance to act — gets her business right — has a dash of real talent.

Mr. Cyril Maude no doubt a good actor in his own sort of thing — as Mark Sabre in this silly, vapid, sententious, unwritten play he works hard — seems to like it — Le Roi S'Amuse — Il était seul —

Intention is not creation — labor is not art —

Bourgeois English sentiment and humor — a little tamer perhaps but no better than their parallels on Broadway — not so good, not so good — Broadway has at least a certain mental kick, adolescent if you like, but energetic —

The end of the play near —love knots, pansies, middle class twaddle —

A company keeping its feet together and its hands at its sides — speaking English more or less distinctly though with no uniform standard — is not necessarily a company of actors.

To go to the theatre when there is so much good music —

STARK YOUNG.

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# CORRESPONDENCE

## A Correction

SIR: In my article in your issue of April 4, 1923, Three Years of the Transportation Act, there are absurd and annoying errors of computation in the third and fourth paragraphs on page 153, dealing with the amount of annual income intended, under the Transportation Act, for extensions and additions to the railroad properties. The amount stated is $378,000,000, 2% on $18,900,000,000, instead of ½ of 1%, $94,500,000. This and other consequent corrections involve an increase of the hypothetical distributable income from $1,060,000,000 to nearly $1,140,000,000.

The main point of the paragraph, viz.; that the Act contemplated an annual distributable income adequate to give a market value of at least $20,000,000,000 to our railroad stocks and bonds, remains unaffected. But how such manifest errors in the treatment of the basic figures escaped me, I cannot imagine.

G. W. ANDERSON.

Boston.

## A Fair Test for the Transportation Act

SIR: I conclude from a careful reading of Judge Anderson's article on the railroads in the New Republic of April 4th, that he looks upon the Transportation Act of 1920 as a mistake, and thinks that if it has not already failed, it will do so; that it has neither brought to the railroads adequate revenue nor prevented strikes, and that consequently as long as the Act remains as it is, the outlook for the railroads is full of doubt and uncertainty.

If I have correctly interpreted his views, I can only say that I do not agree at all with his position, and I regret very much that a man of his eminent standing should have felt called upon at this time to discuss the subject as he did, because I cannot possibly see how the railroads or any one else can be benefited by what he said, and I can see that what he said may be harmful.

Doubtless the Transportation Act of 1920 it not perfect and very likely it did not in its entirety wholly meet the views of any single individual interested in the subject. At the same time it was passed by a large majority of a Republican Congress after a most thorough investigation and was approved by a Democratic President, and in my opinion it is the most constructive piece of legislation of the character that has been enacted in my generation and I believe it should be given a fair trial. It is true that so far the railroads, operating under the terms of the Act, have not earned the return which Congress itself felt it was necessary they should earn in the public interest, and it is also true that the Act did not prevent a serious strike by some of the railroad employees during 1922. Nevertheless, I do not think the Transportation Act can be held responsible for either of the things above mentioned, because they were both the result of the readjustment following the war, and both things would probably have happened in greater or less degree if there had been no Transportation Act at all.

At the present time the outlook for business during the coming year is good. The labor situation seems more composed than it has been at any time during the last six or eight years. Congress has adjourned and we are thereby freed from the uncertainty of legislative action for at least ten or twelve months. I know that the railroad managers are making every effort possible not only to increase their equipment by new purchase to the extent of their ability to buy, but they are also making every reasonable effort to improve the efficiency of their existing equipment and facilities. The volume of business moved by the railroads during the first three months of the present year is much greater than ever moved before during a corresponding period, and I venture to say that if business continues good throughout the year, the railroads this year will handle a much larger volume of traffic than ever handled at any previous time. There is good reason to believe that their earnings as a whole may reach the basis fixed in the Transportation Act.

For the reasons above mentioned I consider the outlook for the railroads encouraging at the present time, provided only we leave the Transportation Act alone until it has a fair trial, and provided further we stop talking about the past and try instead to realize the possibilities of the present and the future.

DANIEL WILLARD,
President, the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company.

New York City.

## The Trials of a Realtor

SIR: In a recent issue of the New Republic you published an article called Tenants Without Landlords which booms the cooperative scheme of home-ownership. Near the end of your article you say: "Most of the so-called Cooperative Plans described in the real estate supplements of the Sunday newspapers are absolutely non-cooperative in everything but name." Until I came to that true statement I was going to dismiss your article with a melancholy sigh. But I saw then that there was hope for you. Let me say a word, as a practical realtor.

You instance as an example of successful cooperation "The 682 Lexington Avenue Cooperative Tenants' Union, a group of eight families who bought an old house for $16,000, paying $3,000 down and carrying $13,000 on three mortgages. They are now paying $25 to $30 a month rent, which provides enough surplus above running expenses to pay off $2,400 annually on the mortgages and leaves $364 for a reserve fund." This is the only cooperative scheme on which you have given the figures. Let us look at them.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| *Income.* | | |
| 8 apartments at $27.50 per mo. Per annum | | $2,640 |
| *Expenses.* | | |
| Interest on $13,000 at 6% | $780 | |
| Taxes on $16,000 at 2.75% | 440 | |
| Coal (estimated) 30 tons at $13.50 | 405 | |
| Janitor (does he fire, too?) | 180 | |
| Insurance (Fire, Liability, etc.) | 75 | |
| Repairs and decoration | 500 | |
| Interest on Investment $3,000 at 6% | 180 | |
| | | 2,560 |
| Net | | $80 per annum |

These are ordinary and necessary charges, allowing for no unforeseen contingencies. The item for repairs and decorations allows for doing over the apartments once every four years, at a cost of $100 per apartment—cheap. There is no allowance for management, no allowance for refinancing or for depreciation.

I offer my figures on this house merely as my credentials; my quarrel with your article is deeper than importance with your enthusiastic mathematics. You are mistaken in the whole spirit and theory of your article; cooperative tenant-ownership is founded on a fallacy, and the people who put their good money into such schemes are going to regret it. To grasp this we must consider the status of real estate ownership in normal times. I speak of New York City, whence you draw most of your instances.

I was actively engaged in real estate in this city before the war, when times were normal, and I say that the overwhelming majority of owners of cheap and medium-grade apartment-houses *didn't make five percent on their investments.* At least half of them netted a loss year after year. If it hadn't been for the tacit conspiracy of silence on the part of realty owners their properties would have been unsalable. For confirmation I appeal to any owner of that sort of real estate—to the banks who had to take the house in on foreclosure; to the buyers, who were stuck and kept still about it until they could resell.

The costs of building were apparently unknown to lending institutions in the years before the war. It was a common thing for builders to borrow from Savings Banks on first mortgage

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enough to buy the land and build the house. A five story walk-up cost then to build six hundred dollars per front foot; a six story elevator cost one thousand, etc.; these figures are ancient history, and are openly admitted, and can do harm now. But an offer of a building-loan of six hundred dollars per foot, or of one thousand per foot, would have been rejected by the builder with scorn; he wanted, and ordinarily or very often got, enough to buy the land too. He didn't propose to leave any of his money in the house.

And he was wise, because it was a very risky place to have it. If he didn't sell the apartment-house while the paint was still wet, he was stuck because be would start to lose money on it as soon as the tenants moved in. To get them in, in the face of the great over-production of houses, he used to give them free rent—anywhere from a month to a year; he wanted a good statement with which to catch the buyer. When their free rent was up many of his tenants moved out and got free rent somewhere else. About thirty percent of them moved out in June anyway and went to the country, and left the owner in the hole until the following October. Of the percentage who paid their rent as per lease, at least two-thirds considered themselves injured and put upon, and saw to it that the owner spent half of their rent on redecorating, so that he might not have the laugh on them.

I had access to the true and secret statements of many such houses during those golden days. I was financially interested in one house of forty-six families, which had on it a first mortgage only from a savings bank, at four and one half percent, and which was all full through a year at the end of which we had netted an absolute loss of four hundred dollars.

It is the ordinary and normal condition of such houses that the tenants have their apartments for less than cost. The constant drain was made good by getting in new money all the while; merchants who had made money in their own pursuits bought the houses for investment. They were stuck. The banks over-loaned, and were given the houses when they asked for their interest. An occasional unwary builder was stuck, and went broke. The tenants profiteered at the expense of these unfortunates. And still they had the face to raise a howl when the owners put the knife into them during the late shortage. But perhaps I shouldn't put that so bluntly; undoubtedly the majority of tenants didn't know the circumstances, and thought they were paying fair rents. They weren't—not by twenty percent.

At present, an apartment house is a paying proposition; and anybody who buys into a cooperative scheme may save himself a few dollars, at present. The loaning institutions are overwary now. They were lied to so thoroughly during the years when real estate was the next thing to a skin game that they refuse to believe in the present costs of construction. They are under-lending now. The builders are putting up real money of their own; their money is safe. Tenants aren't getting their apartments redecorated whenever the whim seizes them to devil the ower, and they don't move out and go to the country. They weep and wail, but I am sure they would cease that if they could realize that they are paying a fair rent for the first time.

Clearly, any members of cooperative schemes before the war were stuck; they were housed at cost, but they could get apartments below cost elsewhere. And it is true that people can save a dollar by being their own landlords at present, when apartments yield a profit. I suppose it would be no use to point out to people bitten with the cooperative germ that real estate is a business too, and that they must pay in work and worry for their lower rent. But—are the old days coming back? Is the time coming again when the tenant can joyously profiteer on his landlord?

I have a great deal of faith in human nature. I think it is the same now as it was in 1914. I think the spiritual influences which produced the realty conditions of before the war are still with us. The banks will be lulled to sleep while the costs go down. Houses will be over-produced by the nimble builders. Tenants will hail the return of free rent, and will begin to worry about that spot on the bathroom ceiling. And the first thing you know apartments will be rented at cost and below for the sake of getting a full house and an enticing rent-statement—and what will be the poor cooperator do then, poor thing?

He will be stuck. Not a doubt of it. Don't lead him into such a fix.

Don't confuse the economic processes of real estate with those of any other business. Real estate is largely a law unto itself. An overproduction, once attained, is never remedied, except by a cataclysm such as the destruction of the value of money. And then real estate finds stability again at the expense of the holders of the fixed indebtednesses. And don't let the cooperators think that they'll be shrewd and alert and will know when the tide turns; they won't—they'll be lost in the cloud of strenuous and tacitly concerted lying which surrounds a falling realty market.

Let me say again that real estate is a business, and that I am in it. I don't like to see a horde of amateurs rushing into it, but that doesn't alter facts. They'll lose their money, but the profit will not be ours.

THOMAS MCMORROW.

New York City.

[Arithmetic is a tricky mystery. We don't know how we came to get a net saving of $2,764 annually out of gross receipts of $2,640. Neither do we know how our correspondent gets only one hundred dollars for repairs every four years on each of eight apartments out of $500 a year for four years set aside for the purpose. Optimists will note that we and our correspondent join in proving that the rising generation is not the first to fall short of perfection in the most practical of the three R's.

Real estate, we recognize, is a complicated business, and cooperators cannot be expected to understand it perfectly. Cooperation also is a complicated business and real estate operators cannot be expected to understand it perfectly. Our correspondent has expressed eloquently the trials and cares of the professional real estate operator. He has emphasized, not unduly, we think, the losses that come from shifting, non-paying, destructive tenants. The war costs of the conflict between landlord and tenant constitute the chief reason why real estate does not pay. It is incredible, but nevertheless true, that our correspondent has missed the crucial fact that the cooperative principle merges tenant and landlord and entirely eliminates this chief factor of trouble and waste.—THE EDITORS.]

## A Memorial to Henrietta Rodman

SIR: It is believed that many friends of the late Henrietta Rodman who can be reached through your journal will welcome an opportunity to give concrete expression to the affection which her memory inspires in all who were her co-workers in any of the innumerable public activities which enlisted her devotion, or who were at any time the private beneficiaries of that unlimited fund of warm personal sympathy, encouraging counsel and active aid which she was always ready to lavish upon all who sought or needed it. Miss Rodman's services to every progressive cause—especially to that of women workers, of labor in general, and of all oppressed nationalities and races—are too well known to need recounting here.

Miss Rodman's death leaves unprovided for a ward whose welfare would continue to be one of her first concerns were she alive today. The friends of Miss Rodman believe that no memorial could be more pleasing to her than the care of this young girl until her education has been completed and she has been made self-supporting. At the largely attended memorial meeting of Miss Rodman held at the Civic Club on April 3rd, it was decided to raise a fund for this purpose. Although the care of Miss Rodman's ward for the next three years will be the primary purpose, it is hoped that a sufficient sum may be raised to perpetuate this memorial in the form of a Henrietta Rodman Scholarship, to be permanently endowed under conditions designed to insure that its benefits will be bestowed upon such persons and in such manner as would be in accord with Miss Rodman's ideals.

The Committee in charge of this fund is composed of Dr. Helen Montague, Psychiatrist of the Children's Court, Miss Elizabeth Irwin, Psychologist of the Public Education Association, and Miss Alice Maude Herring, of The Teachers Union. Contributions may be sent to the Joan Rodman Fund, c/o Civic Club, 14 West 12th Street.

ALICE MAUDE HERRING,
HELEN MONTAGUE,
ELIZABETH IRWIN.

New York City.

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# The Immigrant's Day in Court

*The Immigrant's Day in Court, by Kate Holladay Claghorn. New York: Harper & Brothers. $2.50.*

THE subject matter of this volume is broader than its title. Miss Claghorn shows what brings the immigrant into court as well as what happens to him after he gets there. Her statement is vivid because it bristles with particular examples of hardship and injustice. Comparison of the chapters on money troubles and family troubles with similar chapters in Judge Parry's book on The Law and the Poor in England give the United States little cause for self-satisfaction. In extenuation it must be recognized that Judge Parry was dealing mainly with Englishmen, while we deal with one of the most extraordinary racial mixtures on earth. The long chapter on the deportations of 1919-1920 is subject to no such extenuation. For an American lawyer perhaps the most humiliating incident there set forth is the attempt by a reputable New York legal periodical to dissuade counsel from serving aliens who had been arrested. The editors of this journal must have forgotten how William H. Seward three-quarters of a century ago earned the epitaph "He Was Faithful," by braving an enraged community in defense of a helpless Negro.

The intellectual impact of Miss Claghorn's book would be enormously more concentrated and effective if she had fused into a spear-head of constructive suggestions the express or implied criticisms scattered over her pages. The foreword indicates that the omission is not an accident, but the result of a deliberate decision. No doubt there are good reasons for that decision. One reason may be found in the type of many abuses to which the immigrant is subjected. We are all painfully familiar with the grasping and sometimes unscrupulous employer, the runner, the ambulance chaser, the lawyer who can or pretends he can trade with prosecuting officers or even with the court. These evil types will flourish as long as the public thinks it smart rather than contemptible to cheat an ignorant foreigner; as long as we let the immigrant remain too uninstructed to grasp the true principles of our government; as long as judges and court officers even accidentally lend color to the immigrant's misconceptions. The necessary changes in knowledge, character, and attitude can come only by persistent hammering. In this respect there is no clear and single road to reform.

An intelligent educational campaign involves no surrender of true American institutions. As Miss Claghorn shows, the methods and the theories of justice here are quite different from those in many foreign countries. Our court system cannot become protean so that each incoming alien will find the kind of substantive and procedural law under which he grew up. Besides, we would not cause this if we could. We have confidence in our own ideal of specific justice according to established general principles. Miss Claghorn puts this forcibly in her criticism of the comparatively unprincipled administrative procedure under the immigration laws. We wish immigrants voluntarily and cheerfully to adopt our ideal on its own demonstrated merits.

This leads us to a more specific side of legal reform. Although our substantive law is good, the method of its application is often bad. Here the damage done to immigrants if different at all is different only in degree from the damage done to other sections of the population. The poor are the principal sufferers, whether foreigners or citizens. A well-to-do man given proper direction can find an honest lawyer, explain his case, and get an appropriate remedy. But needy litigants must have helpful procedural development in two directions.

To begin with, we should cheapen procedure and simplify it as far as possible. There ought to be more systematic arrangements for remitting fees and costs where necessary. There ought to be more small claims courts, domestic relations courts, and other tribunals before which litigants can appear, testify, and argue in person without lawyers. This latter line of reform is exceedingly important. One of the greatest things which America can give any man is self-reliance. A self-reliant attitude results automatically from ability to vindicate one's own legal rights instead of doing it by proxy through a lawyer.

Inevitably, however, expert legal advice and services will continue to be essential in many cases. So far as poor litigants are concerned there is unanimous agreement that our excellent legal aid organizations should be adequately strengthened and financed to handle all proper applications. Lack of means now forces many of these societies to hide their lights under bushels. Publicity is of the essence in comprehensive legal aid work. The modern poor persons' rules in the English Supreme Court of Judicature have been more effective than any earlier ones largely because the public knows that there is a poor persons' department in the court buildings. No legal aid society should have to refrain from advertising its existence because it cannot cope with the rush of business.

Miss Claghorn feels that legal aid organizations ought not to confine themselves to the cases of poor men alone. This, however, seems wise and perhaps even necessary if these organizations do any sort of advertising. Otherwise collisions with canons of professional ethics may occur and friction with the Bar in general will certainly develop.

Beyond the points just indicated there is an unfortunate disagreement between social workers and legal aid workers. The social workers see in legal aid one aspect of their general activity. They wish to absorb the legal aid organizations or at least to permeate them with the theories and practice of social service. From the general tone of, as well as certain expressions in, Miss Claghorn's book it appears that this is her desire.

It is fair to state the reasons for the legal aid worker's wish to remain separate and distinct. He is a lawyer and proud of it. After arduous training he has been admitted to the ranks of a profession recognized as a separate entity for thousands of years. He sees definite grounds for this separation. One of these grounds is the honored confidential relation between lawyer and client. The legal aid lawyer feels that he is retained on the standard basis. Of course he obtains from his client and uses all personal information relevant to the immediate legal controversy. But if he learns other personal facts he keeps them to himself. He will take a client's case; he will not make a case of the client by pinning him to a card like a specimen butterfly. Recognition of another highly pertinent ground for separation lies in every honest lawyer's mind. Litigation is an evil necessity. Unhappy the man or the group of men to whom it becomes a commonplace! Social service work necessarily becomes a commonplace to the socially inadequate whose lives will fail unless it enmeshes them. If legal aid work is integrated with social service work, it too will tend to be viewed as an everyday affair. Yet the poor man, particularly the poor alien, needs even more than the rich to be disciplined in the idea that visits to lawyers should be rare and lawsuits rarer. This discipline

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is furthered by keeping the social and the legal services distinct.

Of course the disagreement will be ironed out. A certain overlapping of the services may be arranged or perhaps a new division of duties will follow functional lines more accurately than at present. We need not fear that able workers in the field of public welfare will let the trees blind them to the forest. All this is mere procedure. The fundamental thing is forcibly to bring and keep bringing before the public the necessity of enthusiastic and increased support to that branch of welfare work which cares for the poor man and the stranger in the courts. To this Miss Claghorn's book makes a substantial contribution.

JOHN MACARTHUR MAGUIRE.

# A Specimen of Demi-Dadaisme

*Suzanne and the Pacific, by Jean Giraudoux. Translated by Ben Ray Redman. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.00.*

THE left wing of modern French letters hinges to tradition by the Nouvelle Revue Française: the extreme outer tip flutters with the organs and books of the dadaists. From the centre of this wing sprout the peculiar writings of M. Giraudoux, who may justifiably be called a demi-dadaist.

In content, Suzanne and the Pacific is thoroughly dada. There is in it that "howling of irritated colors, interweaving of contraries and of all the contradictions, of grotesques, of inconsequences" that M. Tristan Tzara has emphasized, though M. Giraudoux does less underscoring. His book is full of spontaneity, of irrationalities, unexpected relationships, fancies and fantasies. Logic, in his subject-matter at least, is abolished.

But M. Giraudoux does manifest a logic in his form, and it is his care for the technical functions of the narrative, for the manipulation of the elements in his plot, that differentiates him from the pure dadaist. The latter is, in reality, a new primitive. He has, by intensely cerebral processes, worked through revolutionary mathematics, science and psychology and emerged with a disgust for all systems. His single affirmation is a doctrine of spontaneity, "belief absolute and unarguable in every god the immediate product of spontaneity... to respect all individualities in their madness of the moment... to spit out like a luminous cascade one's harsh or amorous thought." Naturally, the dadaist has proceeded violently against art which is a system. Completely adrift in a new world, he can record only isolated moments with no commentary or judgment upon them. When M. André Breton listed all the Bretons in the Paris telephone directory and signed his name at the foot, he was clearly not creating art, but he was setting down a particular thing he was certain of—the names of persons who, if they heard "Breton" called out in the street, would promptly turn about. In spite of their anti-art theories, however, individual dadaists have gone further than this and have created art, a noteworthy testimony to the deep roots that art-forms have driven into bodily and psychological laws.

M. Giraudoux differs from M. Breton in being amazingly alert for a technical exploit. His opening paragraphs create a fine sense of imminence. "It was one of those days on which nothing happens... There was a bit of everything in the sky... Everyone was at his door, giving his shadow to the sun. The postman zigzagged from one sidewalk to the other; he seemed drunk with fine weather." In short, then, M. Giraudoux gives us a morning in Bellac when, because nothing seems to be on the program, we immediately want something to happen and anticipate the arrival of the postman. He brings Suzanne a letter announcing that she has won a trip around the world offered by the Sydney Daily, Australia. And then Suzanne is described by splitting her into four persons, Victoria, Juliette, Marie Sévère, and her observing self. She goes to Paris and witnesses a fireworks display on the 14th of July, which M. Giraudoux turns to account as a luminous farewell to the voyager. She embarks from Saint-Nazaire, enjoying the antics of a Greek woman . . . "at least it was thanks to this little Greek that I left for another world as for a coasting voyage, innocently; trying to see all of France, like an island, as I left it behind." An admirable transition. The ship reaches the Pacific and runs into a tempest, cleverly capitalized by the denials of Suzanne's traveling companion, who tries to make it less redoubtable by crying: "The Equator!"... "A phantom!" ... "A mutiny!"... "They are going to shoot the captain!"... "Ah! What fine weather it is!"... "A fire!" ... and finally as she jumps overboard, "It's a tempest!" And so Suzanne is cast away on a marvellous island for five years, the progression of the book being maintained by successive explorations of her own island, then of two very different neighboring islands. Then M. Giraudoux summons the psychology of loneliness to build his climax: efforts to reconstruct the memory, the pitiful emotions aroused by the dead bodies of eighteen sailors washed up after a sea-fight, letters to a young man which Suzanne writes and answers herself. He achieves a breaking-point of solitude, and then opportunely millionaire astronomers arrive for the study of an eclipse and Suzanne is rescued. The conclusion is as consummately handled as the introduction through the media of contrasts between France and Suzanne's island, and the last sentence, "I am the Controller of Weights and Measures, Mademoiselle. . . Why weep?" is the final dropping of the curtain of modern civilization over its returned daughter.

I have, I hope, indicated the major functions of Suzanne and the Pacific. For the many minor organizations its author has contrived there is no space, though one which occurs so frequently that ultimately it is resented as trickery may be mentioned. It consists in piling up a series of contradictions and absurdities until one is positive something must happen. To M. Giraudoux's credit, his decisive statements produce a thrill and a surprise quite commensurate with his preparations. It is one more instance of employing dadaisme to aesthetic account.

The dadaists, however, do ask writers certain fundamental questions. Their questionnaire, "Pourquoi écrivez-vous?" goes direct to the source of literary endeavor: no one, I suppose, would object if American writers were by some violent means forced to answer a similar query. Another question often propounded was, "Where are we going so fast?" That at least we have room to pose beside Suzanne and the Pacific.

The answer was given by Edgar Allan Poe in a footnote to his paper on N. P. Willis. He points out that "imagination, fancy, fantasy, and humor, have in common the elements combination and novelty." But the imagination selects from the novel arrangements of old forms, such only as are harmonious. "The richness of the matters combined, the facility of discovering combinable novelties worth combining, and *the absolute 'chemical combination'* of the completed mass, are the particulars to be regarded in our estimate of imagination. It is this thorough har-

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mony of an imaginative work which so often causes it to be undervalued by the undiscriminating, through the character of *obviousness* which is super-induced. We are apt to find ourselves asking *why it is that these combinations have never been imagined before?"*

In the case of fancy, this question does not occur. There is a decrease in harmony and the addition of a sub-element, unexpectedness. Its combinations strike us not as inevitable, but as difficulties happily overcome. Fancy extends into fantasy, which delights not only in novelty and unexpectedness, but in the avoidance of proportion. And when fancy seeks "not merely disproportionate but incongruous or antagonistic elements," we reach humor.

M. Giraudoux is a man of fancy, fantasy and humor. His aesthetic is built upon unexpectedness and disproportion, and leaves us with the minor feeling Poe noted—a sense of difficulties happily surmounted. It moves in the direction of romanticism, not realism, of entertainment, not experience. The heart of his mental machinery is contained in the following sentence: his whole book is a dilation of that heart. "I tasted large scarlet mushrooms: in France I would have had spotted fever, numb fingers, twitching eyelids; but solitude vaccinated me against all these ills." One who believes that the function of literary art is to give a proportioned heightened representation of the actual cannot follow in the direction of M. Giraudoux.

But to such a one the principal overtone of Suzanne and the Pacific may be valuable. Suzanne is adorably attached to modern civilization. Pitched on a desert island, she hunts for rice powders, perfumes, tobacco, feather dresses: she yearns for railway stations, daily newspapers, moving-pictures, metropolitan crowds: she finally makes her island a fragment of France. Her figures of speech all come from our mechanized existences: "I threw myself into the Kuro Siwo as into a taxi"... "the ten Italian centimes which I found in a slot in the coral, as if for this sum the whole sea would start to play a grand march (the machine no longer worked; the sea was silent)"... "As for the gesture of the conductor who rings the bell to tell you that the tram is full, I have two monkeys who make it when I approach their palm tree." M. Giraudoux is adept at turning the texture of modern sensations into literature, and in the exploitation of these new undigested materials, he is a comrade of the dadaists. It is a texture to which advanced American novelists are blind through a variant of puritanism. It is difficult to be a social revolutionary and escape puritanism, to condemn a social scheme and perceive the beauties thrown off by it. Yet to do both is the business of living men. The year when American novelists write paragraphs in which their senses are as alive to the beautiful impacts of the Machine Age as in the following one by M. Giraudoux will mark the dissociation of puritanism from a revolutionary outlook on society.

"What is there that life does not promise, when from a hilltop, at an equal distance from sleeping parents and grandparents, one suddenly perceives the electric lights of Bellac, all lighted like the thousand bulbs in a telephone office, all insisting that one speak to them, shooting and importunate. Bells also called to us—an old system—from all the folds in the plain and mountain where men know best how to rest and sleep. Every poplar shivered, every stream flowed, every belated dove offered itself and expanded within us like a metaphor. It was the one moment when we dared, through the night as through dark glasses with which one can outstare the sun, to look directly at our destiny, our happiness; and all those little fires below and all those little fires above seemed only sparks."

GORHAM B. MUNSON.

# Business Geography

*Business Geography, by Ellsworth Huntington and Frank E. Williams. New York: John Wiley & Sons. $2.75.*

I ASKED the New Republic to let me review Huntington and Williams's Business Geography because it looked like the last sort of book the New Republic would review. It is in the form of an ordinary high school textbook, with the usual heft, the usual jaundiced cover and the usual array of dignitaries on the title page. But once past these grim doorways, I think "extraordinary" must be substituted for "ordinary." Or let me put it this way: either this is an extraordinary textbook, or else the New Republic has been leading its readers seriously astray with its reviews of the normal output of learned economists, and should have turned to high school textbooks long ago.

Business Geography is a dull enough title. One visualizes the book as pap for a rising hoard of George F. Babbitts. There is a bow, from time to time, in the direction where the captains of industry of the next generation may make their millions—bamboo-farming for wood alcohol, for instance. But by and large, dollar signs and profitable investments are mercifully rare, and the whole book comes down to a masterly inventory of the world's physical resources in the age-old terms of men, climate, health and energy, foodstuffs, minerals, transportation, relief, coastline and power—with particular reference to the continent of North America. There is a bite, a vitality, a sense of loam and rushing water and the pound of steam engines, which tends to make many of the works I have read on business and economics foot up, in the terms of Veblen, to just so much junk. Messrs. Huntington and Williams have taken the metaphysical lid off the price system and permitted us to look at the underlying physical realities. Readers of the New Republic, as well as high school students, owe them a debt of gratitude for that.

We start with climate, and the relentless limitations of climate on the food supply. In consequence, I have ceased to wonder at the solicitations of the wayfaring man in respect to the weather. Those trite comments reflect God knows how many centuries of the struggle between starvation and plenty. We learn that, for America, while agricultural values in dollars are bounding up, agricultural output in tons is about stationary. In 1921 it stood at the 1910 average. Incidentally we learn that the greatest output of the human race is rice. We go on to the effect of relief on production, and I learn for the first time how ores are formed in the earth's crust, and a great deal about the fundamental economics of lowlanders and highlanders. Next comes the productivity of the soil, and I get Muscle Shoals in its proper setting, and learn why the fertilizer problem is greater than the petroleum problem, and why it is all bound up with the problem of cheap power. It takes undreamed of quantities of power to extract the fertilizers which our exhausted soils must presently have. We go on to the geographic basis of exchange, and a penetrating analysis of the transportation facilities which equalize that exchange. We learn how its indented coast line has made Europe the greatest of the continents in terms of human achievement. At this point the student is asked to calculate the needs of his own state for each basic product; compare such needs with the state's actual production; compute the surplus and deficit for each item; locate on the map the nearest source where deficits can be made good; explain the geographical causes for such deficits and sur-

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pluses. . . . If I had ever had a problem like this at high school, I think—I may be wrong—but I think I should have fainted with unwonted ecstasy.

Finally, and most fascinating of all, comes the distribution and the problem of power—coal, oil, wood, wind, natural gas and water power. In conclusion I venture the remark, in all humility, that nobody has any right to think about economics, or talk about economics, or above all, to write about economics, until they have read this high school textbook, or its equivalent.

STUART CHASE.

# Immortality and the Modern Mind

*Immortality and the Modern Mind, by Kirsopp Lake, D. D. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. $1.00.*

IN this, the eighteenth of the Ingersoll Lectures on the Immortality of Man, Dr. Lake, who is Winn Professor of Ecclesiastical History at Harvard University, combines two ancient substitutes for individual immortality into a new synthesis which he believes to be acceptable to the modern mind, and congenial to the modern conscience.

That grapes beyond our reach are sour and that those we must accept are sweet, are "defence-mechanisms" far older than the Freudian philosophy; and attempts to belittle the doctrine of immortality and to find solace in substitutes when faith in it has gone are almost as old as philosophy itself. The two most used of these substitutes are the Eastern and the Western.

The Eastern attitude is other-worldly; we are bidden to look forward to a merging of the rivers of our individual lives in the ocean of Eternal Life. The Western attitude is this-worldly; we are exhorted to transcend our ego's hopes and fears in altruistic devotion to society and its work. The two attitudes, that of the saint and that of the reformer, are combined in practice more often than in theory. The novelty of Dr. Lake's essay is that it presents them both as parts of a unified and harmonious philosophy of life.

The crux of the argument is the contention that individuality is mainly a negative thing, and that the loss of it at death is only the loss of a limitation. I quote:

> Our individuality is essentially the boundary between us and the world which we see and love. It separates the worker from his task, father from son, friend from friend. It is the bars between which we can peep—with some difficulty—and behind which we can hide—though not always safely. (p. 7.)

And again:

> The pursuit of individual Immortality consumed a lamentable amount of energy in past generations. To attain salvation was thought to be the object of existence... It is not altogether surprising that people who argued in this way contributed little to the improvement of the world... Even philanthropy was put on a wrong basis... In general there was produced a type of selfishness all the more repulsive because it was sanctified. In place of a quest of Immortality there is today among the most active and virile of our contemporaries a new attitude towards life... and the pursuit of a better world for another generation to inherit has become the surrogate for the hope of a better world above for ourselves to enjoy. (pp. 21-23.)
>
> The longing to escape the confinement of individuality is as marked [in the East] as the desire to retain it is common in the West. It does not, however, mean a desire for or a belief in the destruction of Life. Nirvana is not annihilation, it is the release of Life from the limitations of living. (p. 25.)
>
> I can see no reason for believing in a soul . . . which keeps the body alive and will ultimately leave it, but I do see that there is reason for believing as firmly in the reality of the Immaterial as in that of the Material . . . if we say that Personality is immaterial while Individuality is the combination of the material and the Immaterial, it is possible to see how it is rational to reject the Immortality of the individual... while accepting the eternity of the person. (pp. 33-35.)

Dr. Lake's proposal to substitute for immortality a combination of practical work for friends and society and mystical faith in God and Nirvana is presented with dignity, clarity and force. He makes out a strong case, one that will appeal to that increasing number of those who, like himself, are no longer able to retain the ancient hope.

There are, however, three criticisms to which such a position is open.

First: Most if not all of the primary values which experience discloses are related to individual life. It is the individual who is the ultimate consumer of all joys and sorrows. Whatever is valuable in the social order or in any conceivable heavenly order must in the last analysis derive its meaning and worth from its bearing upon individual minds. When they go it goes.

Second: From the standpoint of modern science the task of establishing the immaterial or divine as a concrete existence is at least as difficult as the proof of survival after death. That the world has a spirit is rather more doubtful than that the individual has a soul.

Third: The immortality of social life and culture on this planet, with which so many today are wont to solace themselves, is not merely scientifically improbable, it is scientifically impossible. It is all but certain that in a trillion or a trillion trillion years from now, our planet, if it still exists, will be void of all our work. Biology is not so fatal to the immortality of Earthlings as is Astronomy to the immortality of Earth.

In the opinion of the reviewer Dr. Lake has too lightly abandoned the less desperate for the more desperate hypothesis.

WILLIAM PEPPERELL MONTAGUE.

# Here and Now Stories

*Here and Now Story Book, by Lucy Sprague Mitchell, with an Introduction by Caroline Pratt, illustrated by Hendrik Willem Van Loon. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. $2.00.*

NOT the least hopeful aspect of the "new education" is the insistence that children themselves be consulted as to their wants and desires, instead of arbitrarily fitting them into some adult regimen of what is considered for their good. Since time immemorial, for example, we have been modeling the stories told to children upon preconceived notions of what is "childlike," or what is "suitable for children," or what is said to amuse them. No writer of first rank, says Mrs. Mitchell, has ever written exclusively for children. At best, children have had to be content with the throw-offs from artists primarily concerned with adults.

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Only by happy accident have we come to possess a few really great children's stories, and most of what has been held in the past to be satisfactory, now proves to be confusing, overstimulating, if not positively harmful. In this latter category must go a whole host of tales long held in high esteem—Little Red Riding Hood, Cinderella, Jack and the Bean Stalk, stories of cruel step mothers, vicious giants and ogres, overdrawn Indian heroes and the like.

But here is an honest attempt to find out from children themselves, those between two and seven years of age, what they need and want in story telling and story making. For some time Mrs. Mitchell has been working with the children of the City and Country School (formerly the Play School) and her Here and Now Stories represent a co-operative enterprise in which the children have played a really creative part. And since little children are primarily concerned with finding out, first about themselves and then about the world immediately around them, the early stories are all closely within the "here" and "now" of sounds and smells and tastes and sights and feeling and contact, stories of activities, the child's own, told in motor terms. Later, Mrs. Mitchell follows the child into a broader environment, but one still associated with his own experience. "It is only the blind eye of the adult that finds the familiar uninteresting. The attempt to amuse children by presenting them with the strange, the bizarre, the unreal, is the unhappy result of this adult blindness."

As for form, Mrs. Mitchell wisely advises simplicity, and these simple units, whether ideas, sentences or phrases must be put close together. Her suggestion that there is no better play material than words is full of possibilities. Certainly no one can listen to the delicious babblings of a happy baby and doubt that in the beginning at any rate, speech is a medium of art expression, not merely a means of communication.

The stories themselves are admittedly experiments. Many are wonderfully vivid and full of charm; Marni Gets Dressed in the Morning is assuredly a classic, and for a week a seven year old boy of my acquaintance demanded The Knowing Song of the Engine as a prerequisite for going to bed. If some of the other experiments are less successful, it only shows how difficult it is for an adult, despite the best of intentions, not to act like a grown-up who is telling things to children. Van Loon's drawings of course are exactly right and uniformly delightful.

## Contributors

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